



READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

## PART ONE—A DICTATORSHIP OF CRIME

**L**OS ANGELES today stands at a civic crossroads.

Not long ago its citizens tossed out of City Hall an administration headed by Mayor Frank L. Shaw, an ex-groceryman, which would have been hard indeed to match for flagrant violations of the constitutional rights of American citizens.

To those who look shudderingly upon the terroristic activities of the secret police of Germany and Russia and ask whether such things can happen here, the answer is yes.

The Shaw administration, using the taxpayers' money, formed a secret political police squad that harassed, beat up, spied upon, and kicked around persons whose worst crime had been to indicate publicly that they didn't like the administration.

Under this dictatorship, in which the mayor himself was a mere stooge and front man for his secretary-brother, telephones of decent citizens were tapped, dictographs installed in their residences or offices.

Things came to a head when Los Angeles policemen loyally attempted to rescue a man who had been

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such cities as New York or Chicago. Its underworld has been, and is, unique, with methods as sinister and as subtle as the men who have pulled it, by political strings, into power. Most of these men have outside, legitimate interests. None is the gangster type. They shun violence, prefer corruption through graft, represent no one political faith.

Their wealth and power flow from the same sources as those of the more violent gangs of other cities—organized vice and gambling.

With these funds, for twenty years, this underworld of Los Angeles has divided up the city and set up puppet governments to protect its interests. It has had, at various times, mayors, police officials, district attorneys, and city councilmen firmly tied to its golden apron strings. It has disdained cold-blooded murder, but for sheer viciousness its campaigns of smear and treachery have made murder seem

The two men are the new Los Angeles, Fletcher B. the private citizen who whole thing, Clifford E. C.

This private citizen is a wiry little man of thirty, operator of two cafeterias in Los Angeles. Nobody could talk with him for five minutes without becoming completely convinced of his sincerity. He believes in the simple, honest, decent lieues in:

The Golden Rule. Clean. Service to others.

No starry-eyed fanatic that you can best express your religion, whatever it may be. It is every day in your association with your fellow man. He has a Army background and the of human frailty that goes with it.

His father in 1904 opened the Puritan Dining Room, a

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Things came to a head when Los Angeles policemen loyally attempted to murder a man who had been needling the administration—and botched the job.

Until the boodling Shaw machine was handed its hat and a decent and unfettered man elected mayor in September, 1938, the City of Los Angeles for twenty years had been, almost uninterruptedly, run by an underworld government invisible to the average citizen.

To be sure, Los Angeles has never known armed gangsterism of the type that has at times been common in

such cities as New York or Chicago. Its underworld has been, and is, unique, with methods as sinister and as subtle as the men who have pulled it, by political strings, into power. Most of these men have outside, legitimate interests. None is the gangster type. They shun violence, prefer corruption through graft, represent no one political faith.

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Today, for the first time in two decades, Los Angeles has a fighting chance to throw off its underworld shackles. The fight for decent civic government still goes on as this is written. Behind that fight are two courageous men. So far, they have survived every below-the-belt blow. Whether they will finally win or lose depends almost entirely upon whether the people want or do not want decent government for their city.

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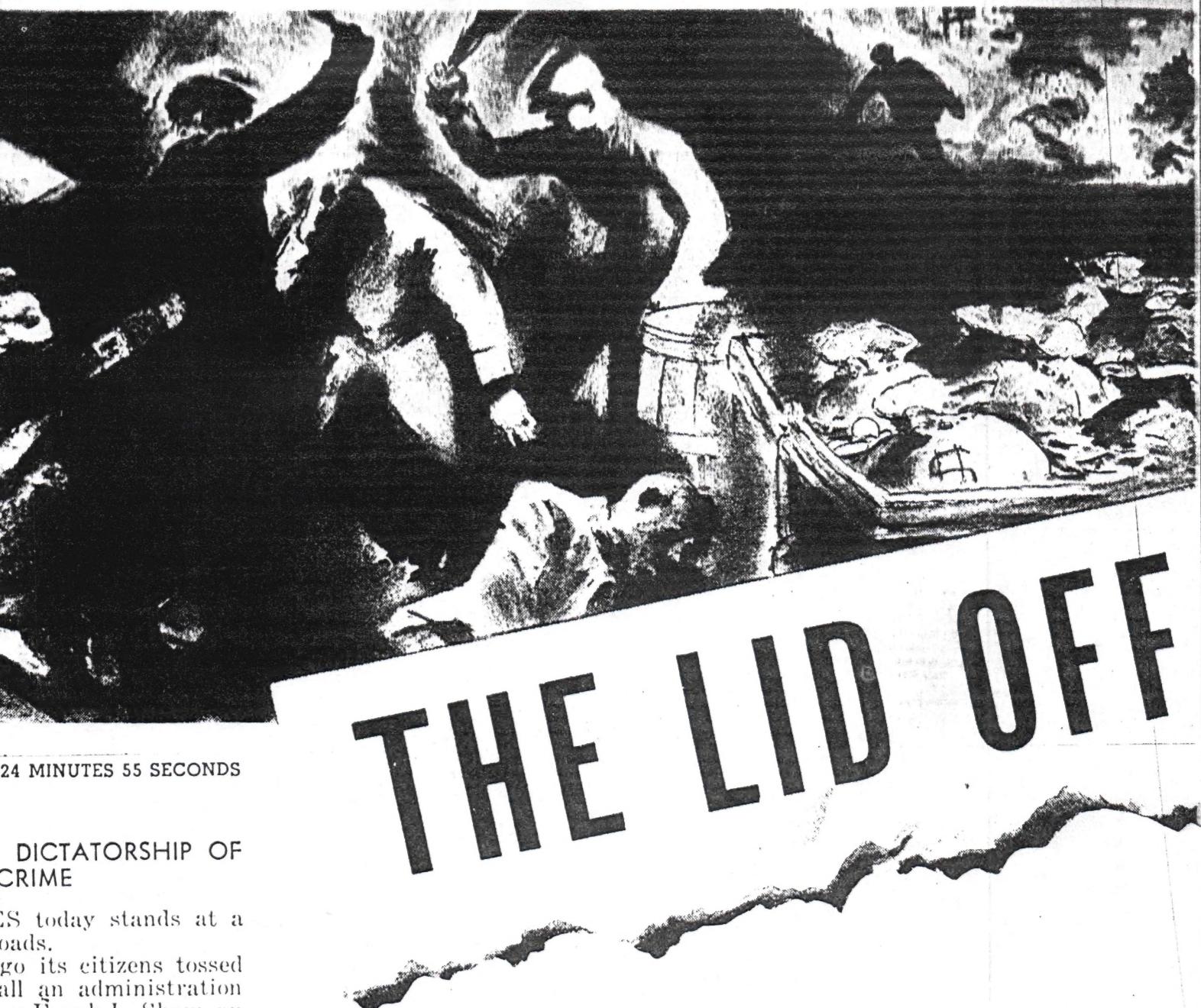
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This private citizen is a boyish wiry little man of thirty-nine, operator of two cafeterias in Los Angeles. Nobody could talk with Clinton for five minutes without becoming completely convinced of his sincerity. He believes in the simple, homely things that your average decent citizen believes in:

The Golden Rule. Clean government. Service to others.

No starry-eyed fanatic, he feels that you can best express your religion, whatever it may be, by living it every day in your associations with your fellow man. He has a Salvation Army background and the tolerance of human frailty that goes with it.

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His father in 1904 operated the Puritan Dining Room, one of the largest restaurants in San Francisco. It was a profitable venture and, upon its profits, his father, Edmond Clinton, and his mother, Gertrude, set out in that year with their four children for China, where they worked as missionaries. Two years later San Francisco and the Puritan Restaurant were destroyed by earthquake and fire and Edmond Clinton returned home to start over.

By 1911 the Salvation Army couple, with six children now, were again in China. After several years they again

returned to San Francisco when mismanagement had ruined their restaurant. The elder Clinton again started from scratch. Young Clifford began to learn the restaurant business the hard way. His father put him to work as a dishwasher.

Somehow Clifford sandwiched in a little schooling. He never completed high school, however, for America entered the World War and he enlisted with the 336th Battalion Tank Corps. Back from France, he married, joined his father in the restaurant business.

In 1931, a depression year, he came to Los Angeles to strike out on his own. He had a capital of less than \$2,000—and an idea. He wanted to apply the Golden Rule to the restaurant business. He came East to study a chain of penny restaurants then being conducted by Bernarr Macfadden. Later he was to open one of these to help the needy before relief organizations were in operation. His immediate concern, however, was to find a site for his Golden Rule cafeteria.

Thirty-one-year-old Clifford Clinton found on South Olive Street the restaurant he wished to purchase. He didn't have enough actual cash to pay the first month's rent, but the owners signed him up to a long-term contract and breathed a sigh of relief. The place had been losing \$6,000 a month.

Clinton, however, was not quite as



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He opened a "guests' exchange" which listed services or commodities for his patrons' mutual benefit.

He abolished tipping, paid his help well, called them his "boys and girls" and his "associates."

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He installed a free lending library, a free advisory service for the troubled; furnished lollipops, bibs, and high chairs for youngsters; taught his customers how to budget their food expenses, extended those short of funds a meal-credit plan; offered free bridge talks and free meeting rooms for clubs, hired cheerful "associates" to visit—and help, if possible—the sick, and on each table placed a free pamphlet called Food 4 Thot. On the back of each meal check he printed this offer:

"Regardless of the amount of this check, our cashier will cheerfully accept whatever you wish to pay—or you may dine free."

In one ninety-day period ten thou-

sand patrons walked out of his place without paying their checks.

One of his earliest customers was a friendly judge, who said to him, "Mr. Clinton, I'll make you a wager that within a year I'll see you in my court."

Clinton was puzzled. "What court are you in, sir?"

The judge smiled. "Bankruptcy," he said gently.

For the first six months it seemed a sure thing. Clinton's competitors tried to price-cut him out of existence. Working feverishly, with his wife Nelda beside him, he outlasted them. He bought a second restaurant to handle the overflow, and now serves an average of 16,000 meals a day. The bankruptcy-court judge still eats there.

Clinton's administration of his Golden Rule cafeteria attracted the attention of John Anson Ford, an ex-newspaperman who had come to Los Angeles fifteen years before and had stepped from the advertising business into the office of County Supervisor in 1934.

Politically unfettered, he turned his attention to Los Angeles' \$12,000,000 General Hospital. He found indications of tremendous waste in its kitchen and dining room. (Frank L. Shaw, before he became mayor, was a member of the County Board of Supervisors, and in that capacity had much to do with the building and equipping of the General Hospital as well as the employment of personnel.) Since Ford knew nothing about running a dining room, he went to see Clinton, whom he had met casually.

"Mr. Clinton," he proposed, "would you head a committee and go with two other people and make a quiet investigation of the conditions at General Hospital? Purely as a civic contribution, of course."



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Ford knew that the little restaurant man was tremendously busy. He did not expect him to accept. But he had failed to take into account Clinton's deep-seated civic pride and sense of duty to his fellow citizens.

"Why, sure," Clinton agreed.

He had had so little time for anything but his restaurants that, as to politics, he was a babe in the woods. Yet, with two fellow committee members, he did a good job at General Hospital. They introduced reforms in management that saved the taxpayers of the county \$120,000 a year.

Clinton felt pretty happy about it all—not dreaming that he had stepped on a dragon's tail.

The General Hospital had been the dumping ground for a number of local wastrels and incompetents. The city and county administrations had given them jobs there.

Two years before, in 1933, Mayor Shaw's administration had come into power. The city and county administrations worked harmoniously together, and retribution came swiftly upon Clinton. His economy report was published, and a pro-Shaw press immediately ridiculed him. Ford read the scathing stories.

"That's the last we'll see of Clinton," he told himself. "He's a business man. He can't afford to invite that kind of attack."

He went around to tell Clinton he was sorry about the derogatory newspaper stories.

"That's perfectly all right, John Anson," Clinton told him. "You go right ahead with this. Push it. It's the truth, and I'll stick by you."

But the political machine began to belt Clinton where it hurt. His cafeterias became the scenes of an epidemic of food "poisonings." One after another, men and women came in, ate a meal, and were rushed groaning to hospitals. Professional "flop-pers" began to fall and injure themselves on his tile floors. Stink bombs popped so frequently that he had to install an emergency stand. It became so bad that he fastened to his

restaurant door a sign, beginning: "Enter at your own risk . . .".

Now, Clinton, though a novice, was not a fool. He began to see, between his report on General Hospital and these happenings, a subtle connection. The "food-poisoned" persons were almost invariably taken to the City Receiving Hospital so that the cases would be publicly noted on the Board of Health records. Threats of suits usually followed, but quickly melted away. Only one actually came to court; was thrown out before Clinton even presented a defense.

Nonetheless, when in 1936 County Supervisor John Anson Ford ran for mayor against Frank L. Shaw, who was seeking a second term, Clinton went on the air from his restaurant, endorsing Ford.

It was then that the machine really set out to pin his ears back.

When he had purchased his second cafeteria, he had spent more than \$100,000 rebuilding it—this despite the fact that it had been run for years previously by a big chain, and presumably conformed to all state and city building and sanitary codes. That, however, did not stop the Health Department from swooping down upon him now. He had to change this. He had to change that. Public officials charged that his restaurants were "filthy." Taxes on one of his places were raised \$6,700 a year. Attempts were made to incite labor trouble. Whispering campaigns got under way. Some of his regular customers told him frankly that while they sympathized with his interest in clean government and liked his food, they were afraid to eat in his restaurants.

One evening, early in 1937, a man came to his home and served him with a subpoena, explaining: "You're being subpoenaed to serve on the grand jury."

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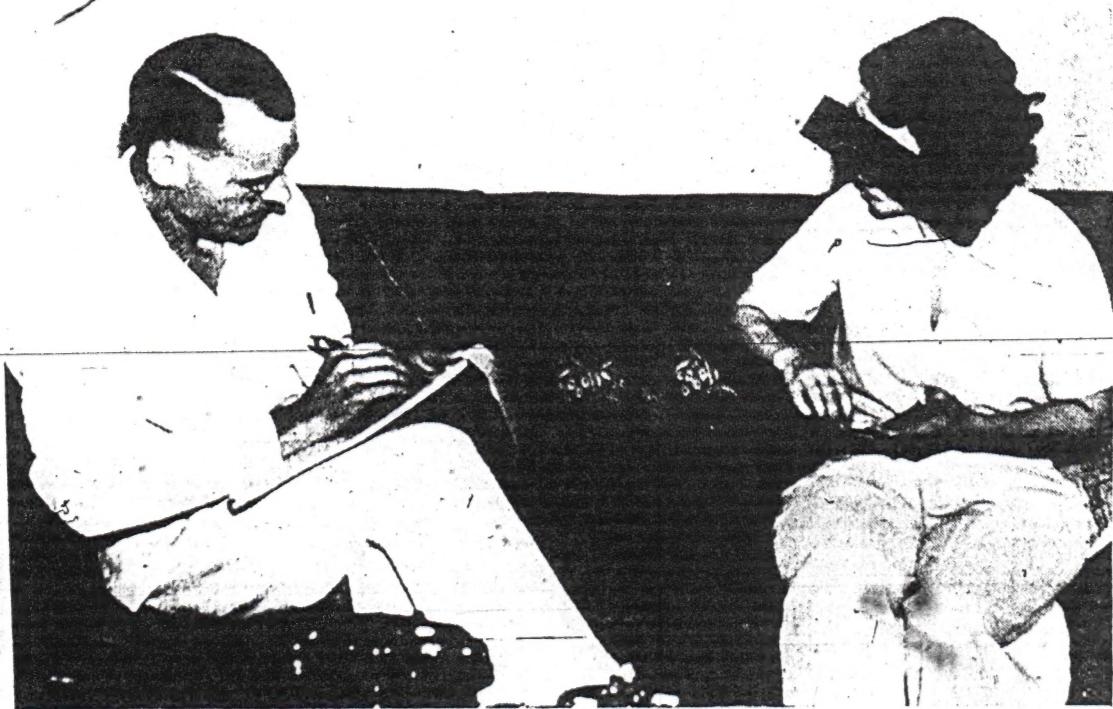
They talked it over. It has been pretty good. Clinton reminded him couldn't very well walk out on philosophy of service. A didn't attempt to duck service.

On a February afternoon fifteen men and four women in Judge William T. Keeler's courtroom in Los Angeles Justice and raised their voices as the bailiff administered

"You and each of you swear to the Constitution of the United States and the State of California and will diligently inquire true presentment make no false accusations against the people of this state committed or triable in this county of which you have obtained legal evidence. . . .

These nineteen were the 1937 grand jury. Among them, Clifford E. Clinton was most impressively of the moment. A Judge Aggeler was speaking, instructing them—using the masterful instructions prepared by Judge Fletcher for the 1934 grand jury, to search beneath the surface of county government of first stirred the uneasy citizens that all might not be well in the Coast's metropolis:

"A grand jury should be a body that it sits as the great fact-finder between the state and the people. If this grand jury



Clifford E. Clinton obtained the services of California B-girls, facts to the battle to clean up.

want! He thought this subpoena was another sly trick to damage him or his business. He phoned first his partner, then his lawyer. They assured him that it was a civic honor to serve on the grand jury.

He was pretty tickled about it then. It vindicated his whole philosophy of service.

He had no idea at the time how he had come to be singled out. What had happened was this: The grand-jury panel in Los Angeles is made up of names submitted by judges of the Superior Court. Two persons, impressed by Clinton's fearless and sensible report on General Hospital (one of them was a secretary of John Anson Ford), had submitted his name to one of those judges—Fletcher Bowron, the man who today is mayor. At the time, he did not know Clinton, nor did Clinton know him.

Clinton told his wife of his good fortune. She posed a practical point: "But how long will you have to serve?"

He hadn't thought of that. He called his lawyer again, and came away from the phone a bit dejected. He would have to serve a full year, and it would take up a lot of his time. "I don't see how I can spare the time from our business," he said.

They talked it over. "Los Angeles has been pretty good to us," Mrs. Clinton reminded him. And he couldn't very well walk out on his own philosophy of service. Altogether, he didn't attempt to duck grand-jury service.

On a February afternoon in 1937, fifteen men and four women stood up in Judge William Tell Aggeler's courtroom in Los Angeles' Hall of Justice and raised their right hands as the bailiff administered an oath:

"You and each of you will support the Constitution of the United States and the State of California . . . and will diligently inquire into and true presentment make of all public offenses against the people of this state committed or triable within this county of which you have or can obtain legal evidence. . . ."

These nineteen were to constitute the 1937 grand jury. At least one of them, Clifford E. Clinton, was tremendously impressed by the solemnity of the moment. And suddenly Judge Aggeler was speaking. He was instructing them—using verbatim the masterful instructions earlier prepared by Justice William T. Aggeler:

itself by its fair, fearless, independent, and courageous action as to gain the respect and confidence of the people of this county; if you will demonstrate that you stand for strict enforcement of law without influence—private, political, or otherwise—then you will receive an abundance of truthful information, supported by legal evidence, that should result in bringing many criminals to justice and causing numerous others to cease their criminal practices. . . . What could be a finer public service?

"If you have reason to believe that public officials are guilty of corrupt or willful misconduct in office, if you have reason to believe that graft or corruption or bribery exists—wherever it may be found and regardless of who may be involved—in such a situation I charge you to act diligently, faithfully, and courageously."

Clifford E. Clinton was astounded. This was no mere empty honor! He and his fellow grand jurors were here to do a good job! He left the Hall of Justice with the words of his oath and the words of Judge Aggeler ringing in his mind.

But how in heaven's name, he won-



Photo by Putnam Studio

Fletcher Bowron, Los Angeles' new mayor and Clinton's steadfast ally.

dered, when a body with such power for civic good had been sitting year after year, could corruption exist?

Before long he was able to figure out the answer for himself. He recalled, for instance, that some of his restaurants' customers were police-

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On a February afternoon in 1937, fifteen men and four women stood up in Judge William Tell Aggeler's courtroom in Los Angeles' Hall of Justice and raised their right hands as the bailiff administered an oath:

"You and each of you will support the Constitution of the United States and the State of California . . . and will diligently inquire into and true presentment make of all public offenses against the people of this state committed or triable within this county of which you have or can obtain legal evidence. . . ."

These nineteen were to constitute the 1937 grand jury. At least one of them, Clifford E. Clinton, was tremendously impressed by the solemnity of the moment. And suddenly Judge Aggeler was speaking. He was instructing them—using verbatim the masterful instructions earlier prepared by Judge Fletcher Bowron for the 1934 grand jury, a body whose search beneath the surface of city and county government of Los Angeles first stirred the uneasy civic suspicion that all might not be well in the West Coast's metropolis:

"A grand jury should never forget that it sits as the great inquest between the state and the citizen. . . . If this grand jury so conducts

Clifford E. Clinton obtains, from a California B-girl, fact-bombs for the battle to clean up Los Angeles.

*of who may be involved in such a situation I charge you to act diligent- ly, faithfully, and courageously."*

Clifford E. Clinton was astounded. This was no mere empty honor! He and his fellow grand jurors were here to do a good job! He left the Hall of Justice with the words of his oath and the words of Judge Aggeler ringing in his mind.

But how in heaven's name, he won-



Photo by Putnam Studio

Fletcher Bowron, Los Angeles' new mayor and Clinton's steadfast ally.

dered, when a body with such power for civic good had been sitting year after year, could corruption exist?

Before long he was able to figure out the answer for himself. He recalled, for instance, that some of his restaurants' customers were policemen who had mentioned to him, casually, that some of their fellow officers owned houses of prostitution and bookmaking joints. He hadn't paid much attention at the time.

The city was flooded with marble and pin machines. These hadn't disturbed him much, either.

He had heard of bookies running to the Hall of Justice to accept bets from some of the city officials inside. And he had probably laughed when he heard it.

Now he saw these things in a new light. He realized that municipal government could be a vicious racket. If the laws were not being enforced,

fearless, independent action as to gain confidence of the people; if you will demonstrate for strict law without influence, al, or otherwise—have an abundance of action, supported by what should result in criminals to justice numerous others to al practices. . . . ever public service? Reason to believe that the guilty of corrupt act in office, if you believe that graft or bribery exists—wherever and regardless involved—in such a you to act diligent courageously."

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John Anson Ford, who led Clinton to enlist in the cause of civic decency.

then the officials sworn to enforce them deserved to be thrown out.

His first act as a member of the grand jury was to submit a motion that it make an intensive investigation into gambling and prostitution.

This was an invitation to disaster. Not only was he stepping on the toes of a powerful and corrupt Los Angeles administration, but he was attacking the very sources of wealth and power of an invisible underworld government that had long smashed every man who had annoyed it.

Moreover, the grand jury was not solidly behind him. Some of his fellow jurors were afraid, some were indebted to the administration for business favors, and some were directly connected with the underworld czars. All in all, they stood ready to beat down his efforts to expose crime by a vote of twelve to seven.

Grand-jury packing had for years been one of the strongest weapons of the invisible government. Through campaign contributions, some of the judges of the Superior Court were induced to submit names of potential jurors who would be favorable, the "boys in the back room"—who, as gamblers, knew that if enough "friendly" names were put into the jury wheel, the panel of thirty-three names drawn would surely include a big percentage in their favor.

Whether or not this grand jury of which Clinton was a member was packed, he was licked before he



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bling, loud clothes, and big diamonds. As his wealth increased, he opened the elaborate Northern Club on Yessler Way in Seattle. Its wide-open operation led to a graft investigation that resulted in the recall of a mayor and the conviction of another city official.

A few years later Crawford came to Los Angeles, where railway, irrigation, and other projects were under way or a-borning. Tens of thousands of itinerant laborers were coming into town in search of a good time for their money. Crawford opened the Maple Bar saloon on Fifth Street. It became the meeting place of ward heelers, crooks, crooked cops, and politicians. Some of the biggest confidence-game operators in the country frequented it. Talk on the street had it that it was Pantages' money in the saloon.

Whatever the facts, "Good-Time Charlie" Crawford's rise was swift. For a while he managed a Los Angeles hotel that featured liquor, gambling, and wenches. With the profits he bought control of the Los Angeles municipal administration, including the police department. He became ostensibly respectable. He took off most of his big diamonds, discarded his gambler's clothes, avoided his shady acquaintances, and opened a real-estate office as a blind.

He also acquired a front man to take over his now vast prostitution and gambling enterprises. This man was Mario Albori, more commonly known as Albert Marco, a greasy thug who had recently come to the United States from abroad. Marco soon became known as Los Angeles' "King of the Underworld." From the background, Crawford pulled the strings that made him dance in the limelight.

Only twice, during Charlie Crawford's early days in Los Angeles, did reform movements threaten. Each time the movers were promptly slapped down. Guy Eddy, a fighting city prosecutor, was arrested, charged with a morals offense. Earl Rogers, the West Coast's most famous criminal lawyer, easily won Eddy an acquittal when he established to the satisfaction of the jury that the whole charge was a patent frame-up.

Charles E. Sebastian, a Los Angeles chief of police who was running for mayor, met a similar fate. The morals charge against him was even uglier, and though Rogers won him an acquittal and he, campaigning from a jail cell, became mayor, the obvious frame-up so wrecked his name as

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Whether or not this grand jury of which Clinton was a member was packed, he was licked before he started.

To understand why, it is well to go back and examine the circumstances that brought Los Angeles' underworld despotism into being.

In the Yukon gold-rush days of Alaska, Charles Crawford, located in Seattle, booked dance-hall entertainers for the Far North. It was a profitable business. Alexander (the Greek) Pantages was clearing \$8,000 a day with a single clapboard establishment.

Crawford was a hard-fisted fellow, shrewd, openhanded, addicted to gam-

saloon.

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But these cases were child's play compared to what, in the 1920s, Councilman Carl I. Jacobson faced.

Jacobson is today a gentle, kindly family man in his sixties. He has been married to the same woman for thirty-four years. He lives in a modest bungalow in the old East Side section of Los Angeles. The signs of the ordeal he went through are still plain in his drawn tired face.

He came to this country from Norway at the age of three. In 1909, when he came to Los Angeles, he was

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an engineer on the Southern Pacific railroad. Eight years later, his fellow railroaders thought enough of him to elect him chairman of the Board of Adjustment of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

He was appointed to the Los Angeles City Council in 1925. During his first two years he began quietly to investigate Albert Marco. He obtained the addresses of houses of prostitution Marco was managing. He unearthed evidence that Marco was engaged in the business of white slavery.

Marco, through confederates, had brought a woman from New York and instructed her to report to the landlady of a red-light hotel across from City Hall. Word of Jacobson's investigation must have leaked out, for information came to Jacobson that this woman was going to be deported. He went to the Federal Building.

"Who is back of deporting Mrs. —?" he asked bluntly.

"You'll do well," he was told, "if you handle your work in City Council. We'll take care of the Immigration Department here."

Hardly was he back inside his office when his phone rang. A voice he did not recognize said: "This is a friend. I hear you've just been over to the Immigration Department. I hear you're trying to get some dope on Albert Marco. If you know what's good for you, you'll lay off."

He wrote to the Immigration Department at Washington. Two months later, two of its investigators visited him. He gave them all the information he had. Some of it subsequently resulted in settlement, by Marco, of about \$150,000 in taxes owed the government, on four years' earnings.

Deportation of the woman was delayed because she was about to become a mother. Jacobson kept track of her. She was quartered, after the baby was born, in a place on Pleasant Avenue, tended by an old lady. One evening the old lady left the house to go to a store. When she returned, mother and child had vanished.

Jacobson tried for years to locate them, without success. Today he believes they were murdered.

AROUND the time of that incident two men came to his office. One was beefy and dark and round of face. The other did the talking:

"Mr. Jacobson, this is Mr. Marco. I brought him here because I felt that if you could see and talk with him you'd find he isn't such a bad

stepped in, with a terse order to an official of the city administration: "Get Jacobson."

One August night in 1927, while Jacobson was assisting his daughter to pack, preparatory to leaving for college the next morning, his telephone rang. A woman gave him her name and address and said, "There are some people here at my house talking about that street work. Could you come over for a few minutes and tell them about it?"

He told his daughter he would be gone only a few minutes, for his wife was ill at the time. He arrived at the near-by address he had been given shortly before eight o'clock.

According to his account, the woman admitted him. As he walked beside her down a hallway, every light in the house suddenly went out. In the darkness he was pushed into a bedroom by some men. His clothes were disarranged. One shoe was taken off. Flashlights carried by these men picked out two glasses, partly filled with liquor, standing beside a bottle on the dresser.

WHEN the house lights came on, sometime later, he found himself surrounded by police officers. They told him he was under arrest and, he says, asked him to sign a blank paper.

"I'll rot in jail first," he answered. "If you have anything to arrest me for, take me to jail and book me as you would any other person."

Instead, he was driven to a police official's home. The men left him alone in the car while they went in. The ignition key was left in the car and a revolver was left beside him on the back seat. Whether he was expected to flee or to shoot himself does not appear. He just sat there and waited.

The police official returned late from a prize fight. From his home they drove to the Chamber of Commerce Building which at that time sheltered a hide-out office of the Central Vice Squad. Though Jacobson presumably had been arrested on a city misdemeanor charge, they sent for the district attorney of Los Angeles County, Asa Keyes, who, he says, tried vainly to get him to admit that the presumable charge was true. Again he was asked to sign a statement, sight unseen. He was told he could then go home and they would "forget" the arrest. He refused. Finally he himself wrote down exactly what had happened, and signed

of the raiding officers had phoned him that Jacobson had been released."

Jacobson was taken to the trial Police Station and被 found him. They did not Ferguson, in whose house been arrested. She had, it's booked on another charge, she had had \$500 bail mother or some one had supported her in record time. He discovered that her correct Mrs. Callie Grimes, that sister-in-law of a member of Squad, and—when they got home some time later—that packing her suitcases for trip to San Francisco.

JACOBSON meanwhile gave bond broker his premium a \$500 bond and the turned about to release him when rang. The turnkey answered, "I'm sorry, councilman have instructions not to let under any consideration."

Jacobson was alarmed. "Let me use that phone," he said. "I was dead when he picked up receiver."

He felt a moment of panic. They were holding him, refusing freedom on bond. But why?

He realized that they had a technical excuse for whatever doing. Often prisoners are held in "morals" charges can be held in technical custody until a plenary examination has been made. If free of disease, they can be released on bond.

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"Yes," he agreed. "How do you know I was in jail?"

Graves explained. A man who knew and liked Jacobson overheard something. The man had called a doctor, who phoned the attorney.

"You see, Carl," Graves said, "what has happened so far, it is only the beginning of. Do you know of a woman named Mary —?"

The puzzled Jacobson said, "She's a landlady for Marco. joint he runs on Main Street."

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"Mr. Jacobson, this is Mr. Marco. I brought him here because I felt that if you could see and talk with him you'd find he isn't such a bad sort as you may have thought. If you'll be quiet, if you'll drop your fight against him, he'll pay you ten thousand dollars. Is it a bargain?"

Jacobson said it was not.

"Twenty-five thousand?"

"Get out," said Jacobson.

They left. On the floor of the City Council he openly accused Marco of being engaged in white slavery and said he had the evidence to prove it.

Every reliable account indicates that this is where Charlie Crawford

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"If you've got anything on me," Jacobson again insisted, "take me to jail and quit this nonsense."

A man said, "We'll drive down past the Biltmore. I'll get a check cashed and put up the money for your bail."

"Thanks," said Jacobson. "You needn't bother."

Rumor later had it that Charles Crawford at that moment was in a room at the Biltmore Hotel where one

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The puzzled Jacobson asked, "She's a landlady for a joint he runs on Main Street?"

"Right. Well, the idea is there's a plan to inject blood into your veins."

"In heaven's name, what?"

His face blanched as he answered quietly:

"She has syphilis, Carl."

Did Jacobson manage to get himself out of jail in time, from the "technical custody"? Will he be charged with the "morals" charge again? What of his charges against Charlie Crawford? You'll find the answer next week—and, we hope, an amazing inside story of how Charlie Crawford got away with it, that handsome young rascal who is the date for municipal judge

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of the raiding officers had already phoned him that Jacobson's "mouth had been closed."

Jacobson was taken to the old Central Police Station and booked on a lewd vagrancy charge. Reporters found him. They did not find Helen Ferguson, in whose house he had been arrested. She had, it seems, been booked on another charge, and either she had had \$500 bail money with her or some one had supplied it for her in record time. Reporters discovered that her correct name was Mrs. Callie Grimes, that she was the sister-in-law of a member of the Vice Squad, and—when they arrived at his home some time later—that she was packing her suitcases for a hurried trip to San Francisco.

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"You see, Carl," Graves added, "what has happened so far, as I get it, is only the beginning of the plot. Do you know of a woman named Mary —?"

The puzzled Jacobson nodded. "She's a landlady for Marco at that joint he runs on Main Street."

"Right. Well, the story is that there's a plan to inject some of her blood into your veins."

"In heaven's name, what for?"

His face blanched as the words

A FACTORY tooter on the Oakland side whistled for noon. "Eight bells," said Pinky and stopped his sweeping to gaze across the estuary. The sea-scarred poop of the Linda Race was clean as a bar in Shanghai's bund; the brass of her binnacle shone in the sun; her bell gleamed too, for the polishing art had been drilled into Pinky by hard-toed mates. "Eight bells it is; eight bells it shall be"—and he made his way stiffly across the deck to seize the clapper rope and let strike.

Molly, chattering briskly in her excitement, landed with a plunk on Pinky's shoulder.

"Eight bells," he informed her—"time for victuals."

Molly leaned over to peer at him with serious, almost anxious eyes. Her head was no larger than Pinky's fist. Her simian face had a look always worried, as though she were saying, "I'm a foreigner here; California's far from my native Siam. But I trust you, Pinky. I know you would never let me be harmed."

In the skipper's cabin below the poop Pinky paused just to look and admire. His home—his and little Molly's. Dwelling in style in the Old Man's quarters! He, who had slept the best part of his life in fo'c'sle bunks or, when he was bo's'n, in the deckhouse.

Molly sprang to the desk where a dozen skippers, rocked by the seven restless seas, had kept their logs and charted their course as the Linda Race ran down her eastings or fought toward her rendezvous with the land. The monkey was wearing its yellow sweater—the one with the anchor worked in purple, for Pinky's knitting was something to see.

He beamed. Contented he was, and happy. He had his home and his family too. There was nothing more he could ask of life than to live it out on board this ship with Molly to keep him from feeling lone.

The sound of a motorboat cut through his thoughts and Pinky went to a porthole to look.

"By Harry, it's Mr. Cradlebaugh! Coming aboard, and he ain't alone."

Panic gripped Pinky. Mr. Cradlebaugh, the owner's agent, had never set a foot on the Linda since she was first anchored here in the mud like an old horse turned out to graze. Always, the first of every month, Pinky had gone instead to him, to get

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"She has syphilis, Carl."

*Did Jacobson manage to free himself, in time, from this terrifying "technical custody"? What came of the "morals" charge against him and of his charges against Crawford and Marco? You'll find the facts in Liberty next week—and, with them, the amazing inside story of the shooting of Crawford and his press agent by that handsome young reform candidate for municipal judge, Dave Clark!*

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Now he thought. They're selling poor old Linda! That fellow thinks he's a-come to buy her and break her up for copper and scrap. His stricken eyes moved about the room. It grew blurred in Pinky's sight, for now I was helpless, old.

"Come, Molly." She jumped to his sagging shoulder and out they went to the empty deck.

Pinky glanced at the three masts, the yards squared neatly without a stitch. He gulped. Twelve years

# THE LID OFF LOS ANGE

More startling revelations in an astounding study of corruption and vice in a great American city—and of a gallant battle against them

BY DWIGHT F. MCKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Good citizens of Los Angeles are at last in revolt against a long-established underworld despotism. Their leaders are Mayor Fletcher Bowron and Clifford E. Clinton, operator of Golden Rule cafeterias. It was Clinton who, unwittingly, began the fight. At the request of County Supervisor Ford, he investigated waste in the General Hospital. This brought upon him the derision of the local machine's press, and upon his cafeterias a plague of "sabotage." Undaunted, in 1936 he backed Ford for mayor. Then the authorities, with groundless sanitation charges, went after his business. The next year, finding himself on the grand jury, he moved that it investigate gambling and prostitution.

To show why Clinton was "licked before he started," the authors of this series harked back last week to the origin of the underworld despotism. Its founder, Charles Crawford, made his stake during the Yukon gold rush, and came to Los Angeles from Seattle. Later, turning outwardly respectable, he got a thug named Albert Marco to Simon-Legree his vicious enterprises. Would-be reformers were squelched with framed-up morals charges. The last of them was City Councilman Carl Jacobson, who in 1927 was—as he himself tells the story—led, on a pretext, into a house where he was seized and was made to appear, when police got there, to have been consorting with a woman and drinking bootleg liquor. Jailed, he was refused freedom on bond, and a lawyer he knew came and warned him of a rumored plan to inject into his veins blood of one of Marco's "ladies" who had syphilis.

PART TWO—THE PASSING OF

the situation and asked him to come there at once and give him a physical examination. Within an hour that had been done. There was no longer legitimate reason for holding Jacobson in technical custody. He was released.

He had left home at eight o'clock in the evening. He did not reach his home again until seven twenty the following morning.

The mild-mannered but outspoken councilman was indicted by the grand jury and tried on a resorting charge. The jury disagreed and the case was dismissed. Carl Jacobson then set out to clear his own name. He sought the arrest and conviction of those who, he insisted, had framed him.

Now, the story you have just read, it must be pointed out, is Carl Jacobson's own story. It is the story he told when he went before a grand jury. It is the story he told throughout a series of long-drawn-out trials. It is the story he—an aging man in his sixties—tells to this day. It deserves consideration if for no other reason than that he was on the scene when so many of the happenings of that mad night occurred.

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# of corruption and vice in a great American city—and of a gallant battle against them

## BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

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### PART TWO—THE PASSING OF "GOOD-TIME CHARLIE"

F Jacobson had been alarmed before, he had good reason to feel stark terror now. He blurted out a plea to his attorney friend:

"Get to an outside telephone, quick!" he begged. "This one in here is dead! Call Dr. Parrish, the city health officer! Have him get in touch with me at once!"

The attorney followed instructions. Parrish called Councilman Jacobson at the jail, and Jacobson explained

the situation and asked him to come there at once and give him a physical examination. Within an hour that had been done. There was no longer legitimate reason for holding Jacobson in technical custody. He was released.

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Seven persons were indicted and tried on charges of conspiring to frame Jacobson. Four of them were tried twice. Each time the defense harped with mock solemnity upon a burlesque motif: Was Councilman Jacobson in his underwear when officers came upon him? Was it long underwear? Was it red underwear?

And each time a laughing jury disagreed. The conspiracy charges eventually were dismissed.

Two of the persons indicted were Charles Crawford and Albert Marco.

The prosecution attempted to establish that one of the raiding officers, immediately after the raid, walked

Biltmore Hotel; that Crawford received the message; that Ford's side sat Marco.

This interesting link, however, never legally forged—and Marco walked out of room free men. Mrs. Call also was acquitted.

The four members of the Vice Squad who were tried—Captain Hubert B. Wallis, Detective "Rusty" Williams, and H.mond:

The law—a fickle witness—gave Jacobson's story a glance of encouragement by to find him either guilty or not guilty. The law now did the same for the indicted Vice Squad officers. Trials, as has been noted, resulted in two hung juries.

So it is only fair to present the story as they brought it out. Defense testimony there in the Central Vice Squad had a tip that some immoral persons were taking place at the home; that they had gone to the course of duty; that they the councilman and the ladies' room, with liquor on the drink that Jacobson had been in wear.

Those are the stories. Pick.

You might even exonerate one by holding to a theory that unknown men disrobed Jacobson in the darkness and fled, and that in the interim before the lights were innocent vice squad, acting on an anonymous tip, crashed the room to find (when the lights came on) Jacobson in a suspicious situation.

The policeman who, according to Jacobson, claims, overheard the plot to kill him, was the blood of a syphilitic infected and who tipped him off, was charged with handling liquor. Ordered out of the Police Department, Jacobson says he too was fired.

District Attorney Asa K. Hart did not offer any evidence, for soon to be convicted of being drunk and sent to prison, and he has served his sentence.

Jacobson says that after the trial the district attorney said to him: "Carl, it is hard to lodge brothers to the penitentiary."

He says that he replied he

# ANGELES

down the street to a filling station, where he made a telephone call assuring some one, somewhere, that the raid had been a success: that Councilman Jacobson was smashed, discredited. The prosecution claimed that phone call was made to a room in the Biltmore Hotel; that Crawford received the message; that at Crawford's side sat Marco.

This interesting link, however, was never legally forged—and Crawford and Marco walked out of the courtroom free men. Mrs. Callie Grimes also was acquitted.

The four members of the Central Vice Squad who were tried were Captain Hubert B. Wallis, Dick Lucas, "Rusty" Williams, and Harry Raymond.

The law—a fickle wench—had given Jacobson's story a sidelong glance of encouragement by refusing to find him either guilty or innocent. The law now did the same for the four indicted Vice Squad officers. Their trials, as has been noted, resulted in two hung juries.

So it is only fair to present their story as they brought it out in court. Defense testimony there insisted that the Central Vice Squad *had* received a tip that some immoral goings-on were taking place at the Grimes home; that they *had* gone there in the course of duty; that they *had* found the councilman and the lady in a bedroom, with liquor on the dresser, and that Jacobson *had* been in his underwear.

Those are the stories. Take your pick.

You might even exonerate everyone by holding to a theory that some unknown men disrobed Jacobson in the darkness and fled, and that, in the interim before the lights went up, an innocent vice squad, acting upon an anonymous tip, crashed the place to find (when the lights came on) a suspicious situation.

satisfied if they resigned. Raymond, Dick Lucas, and Rusty Williams did resign. Later Raymond and Lucas were reinstated. Still later they resigned a second time. There are two versions of that, too. Jacobson claims he insisted upon their resignations. The other version has it that Raymond, angry because he had been taken along on the vice raid, resigned in disgust. Take your choice here, too, but keep in mind the name of Harry Raymond. He became an extremely important stimulus to Clifford E. Clinton's effort to bring sane and decent municipal government to Los Angeles in 1937.

The newspapers had enjoyed a howling holiday with the story of the "councilman's underwear." But it was a story, any way you looked at it, that was essentially sinister and not funny at all. And two incidents in its aftermath strike a weird note.

After the trials, a detective, looking ill and wretched, came to Jacob-



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District Attorney Asa Keyes cannot offer any evidence, for he was soon to be convicted of bribery and sent to prison, and he has since died.

Jacobson says that after the second mistrial the district attorney told him: "Carl, it is hard to send your lodge brothers to the penitentiary."

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son. "I can't sleep, Carl," he said. "When I testified against you, I perjured myself. Say you'll forgive me."

Jacobson told him gently, "The only One I know who can forgive you would be God Himself."

Two weeks later the detective was dead.

Another man, connected with a Los Angeles newspaper, also sought out the councilman.

"I had to write a lot of things about you during this case. I didn't want to. I had to, to hold my job. I hope you'll understand. No hard feelings?"

"Forget it," Jacobson advised. "I

don't hold anything against you. I know what you were up against."

Two weeks later that man committed suicide.

The years between 1926 and 1930 were troublous ones for the political and underworld hot shots of Los Angeles. Boss Crawford and his man Marco, "King of the Underworld," had come out of the Jacobson case with their crowns tilted but intact. But other trouble was brewing.

The crookedly rigged \$40,000,000 Julian Petroleum Corporation collapsed.

District Attorney Asa Keyes had the reputation of being a ruthless



"Good-Time Charlie" Crawford, the pioneer organizer and big shot of Los Angeles' underworld, and (left) his business manager, Albert Marco.

prosecutor. In five years he had sent 5,000 persons to the penitentiary. Now, however, he began by asking for a dismissal of the charges in the Julian oil company case. Failing there, he prosecuted so insipidly that the defendants were acquitted, while he himself was convicted of receiving a bribe and sent to San Quentin.

One of those who squeezed out of a bribery rap in the Julian oil company scandal was Charles Crawford.

The case had an interesting aftermath. A reporter named Morris Lavine had originally exposed the oil company in a series of newspaper articles. Now Lavine brazenly tried to put the bite on the boss of Los Angeles. He went around to Crawford's office, told him he had dug up some incriminating evidence and

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Crawford paid Lavine the money. It was marked. Detectives arrested Lavine outside Crawford's office. The money was impounded, as evidence, in the county courthouse. Lavine was convicted of the attempted shakedown and sent to prison, where he started suit to recover the \$75,000 he had extorted from Crawford. He carried his suit to the federal court in Los Angeles, but lost. The court ordered the money returned to Crawford.

It was gone. The county official who had been its custodian had never

seen so much money before. Temptation had overcome him. He had invested it, on the theory that he could double it, replace it, and retire. He lost most of it in the market, philosophically took a vacation trip with the rest, and then went to prison.

Charlie Crawford was out \$75,000. But Albert Marco, his pudgy vice collector, was having even more exasperating troubles. They were trying to put him in jail.

Marco insulted a woman one night in the Ship Café in Venice, California. The woman's escort invited him into the men's room for the announced purpose of beating his ugly face in. Marco, a big man, accepted—and took an awful beating before two of his henchmen rescued him. They knocked his opponent to the floor. Marco drew a gun and put a bullet into the helpless man.

At the time of his arrest he tried to buy his way out, but failed. Charlie Crawford tossed money and political pull on the blanket in an effort to save his swarthy vice manager. He did win him delay; nothing more. Albert Marco eventually was brought to trial on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon.

District Attorney Asa Keyes, at the time still in the saddle and, it was rumored, taking orders from Charlie Crawford, assigned one of his young deputy district attorneys, Dave Clark, to try Marco.

It was Dave Clark's big chance—and he made the most of it. Clean-cut and handsome, in his early thirties, he was the son-in-law of a New York Supreme Court justice. He was brilliant and hard-working and showed a lot of promise. He went into court and hit Marco with everything he had. It wasn't enough. The jury disagreed.

Undaunted, he brought Marco to trial a second time. This time he made it stick. Marco was convicted and sent to prison. Later he was deported.

NOW, in order to get a proper perspective, it is necessary again to go back to the easy-money days when Crawford came to Los Angeles to build his political power upon a hotel that was a combination drinking, gambling, and bawdy house.

The vice unit of the Police Department in those days was known as the Purity Squad. Two of its members were James E. Davis, a big-bodied, smooth-talking man, and Guy Mc-

name "the Whistler" came about in this way: A tip on a place of vice or gambling would come into headquarters. The Purity Squad would be given the address and orders to go out and push the place over. Often McAfee, before they went out, would have to make a phone call. He'd call a number but, apparently, would get no answer. He'd just stand there a few moments, the receiver in his hand, whistling some popular tune. "Guess nobody's home," he'd say after a while—and hang up.

When the Purity Squad arrived at the supposed joint, they would find it to be an empty house.

Guy McAfee left the Police Department of his own accord. He knew his way around by this time and—some accounts have it—joined forces with Crawford.

In 1926 McAfee's former fellow member of the Purity Squad, James E. Davis, became Chief of Police under Mayor George E. Cryer. Then, in quick succession, came the Jacobson "raids" case, the Julian oil scandal, the Asa Keyes conviction, and the Marco shooting.

A revolted public, headed by a militant church group, put John Clinton Porter, a reform mayor, in office. Porter was dry and he was honest, but he was not, unfortunately, too sophisticated. He demoted Chief of Police James E. Davis to a traffic job and put Roy E. Steckel in as chief. It added up to little more than a conscientious gesture, for Chief Davis had not been responsible for the alliance between Los Angeles' Police Department and Los Angeles' underworld. Rather, a clique of men in the Police Department were to blame. They held their jobs year after year, administration after administration, backed by those with whom they shared the profits from the vice and gambling rackets.

The Police Department clique, when a new administration came into being, closed up for a month or so, for appearances' sake, meanwhile busily mending their organization fences. Then graft flourished anew—more tightly organized than ever.

But now reform was in the air. It had put a new district attorney into office—hawk-nosed Buron Fitts, a shrewd political opportunist who had begun his career in law as an office boy for the famous criminal lawyer, Earl Rogers. A wounded war veteran, Fitts' big chance had come when, as

was Charlie Crawford him weather eye peeled, he suddenly announced that he had got felt more rough stuff. He was women, and games of chance his Hollywood, real-estate in his swank North Rexford Drive snuggled amid the palaces stars in exclusive Beverly let it be known that he had diverted. To prove it he dropped nickel on the drum—a \$3,500 ring, a bauble of his roistering days. The ring went one Sunday the collection plate in the Re-Briegleb's fashionable St. Presbyterian Church. Attached was a card reading, "Use the children."

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Now Spencer had aligned with a political exposé sheet a reputed circulation of 1,000,000. It was called the Critic of Crime, its first few months of publication it had lampooned Mayor Porter and the church crowd. Now, with Crawford's money reputedly behind it, it deplored vice's rampant in Los Angeles.

In its first anniversary issue, published in May, 1931, it accused vice cop McAfee of lording it over the city's "nether regions" and used a fuller exposé, to be

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Davis, known to some of his fellow cops as "Cupie," was to become Chief of Police of Los Angeles.

Guy McAfee, sometimes called the "Whistler" but more commonly "Slats," was to become one of the gambling czars of the city.

Old-timers say that though McAfee was a tireless raider of vice and gambling joints, Charlie Crawford's place always seemed to escape.

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Young Dave Clark, now a Fitts assistant, was riding the reform wagon too. He had had the nerve to slap the notorious Albert Marco behind bars—a daring blow at the machine. He was captivating, and the public loved him. He resigned his job to campaign for a municipal judgeship. His chances looked excellent.

The most truly incongruous figure on the reform band wagon

days. The ring went one Sunday to the collection plate in the Rev. Brilegbleb's fashionable St. Presbyterian Church. Attached was a card reading, "Use the children."

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He began loudly to endorse candidates for office. Among them was young Dave Clark, who had been business manager Albert Marco in prison, was among those who ostensibly supported.

He even hired a publicity resourceful ex-newspaperman Herbert F. Spencer, who in 1929 as a police reporter had madeous name for himself. Once taken a hard-drinking chief tectives for a ride out to a bar where he had got him drunk on wine, and then, as they were back to town, he had steered him a policeman. The chief of detectives had been arrested for drunkenness and Spencer had scooped the story.

Now Spencer had aligned with a political exposé sheet a reputed circulation of 15,000, was called the Critic of Critic. In its first few months of publication it had lampooned Mayor Porter, the church crowd. Now, with Crawford's money reputedly behind it, it deplored vice's rampancy in Los Angeles.

In its first anniversary issue, published in May, 1931, it accused vice cop McAfee of lording it over the city's "nether regions" and used a fuller exposé, to be signed by Guy McAfee, "Capone" of Los Angeles.

Whether this was subtle or an attempt by Charlie Crawford to squelch what he may have been poaching is not clear. But that of May brought sensational developments.

At about three o'clock on the afternoon of May 20, Charlie Crawford and Herbert Spencer were sitting in Crawford's real-estate office in the shadow of a church, when a man came to see them.

He was a tall dark man in suit. He was cheerful and s

was Charlie Crawford himself. His weather eye peeled, he suddenly announced that he had got religion. No more rough stuff. He was off wine, women, and games of chance. From his Hollywood real-estate office and his swank North Rexford Drive home, snuggled amid the palaces of movie stars in exclusive Beverly Hills, he let it be known that he had been converted. To prove it he dropped his nickel on the drum—a \$3,500 diamond ring, a bauble of his roistering saloon days. The ring went one Sunday into the collection plate in the Rev. Gustav Briegleb's fashionable St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. Attached to it was a card reading, "Use this for the children."

CRAWFORD was known as the "Gray Wolf" by this time. More properly, he was a fox. If people wanted reform, they could have it. He contributed lavishly to the campaigns of reform candidates for public office on the theory that, once they were elected, he could outguess them and acquire more power than ever. And, since they were honest, he wouldn't have to share the spoils.

He began loudly to endorse a list of candidates for office. Amazingly, young Dave Clark, who had sent his business manager Albert Marco to prison, was among those whom he ostensibly supported.

He even hired a publicity man, a resourceful ex-newspaperman named Herbert F. Spencer, who in his days as a police reporter had made a dubious name for himself. Once he had taken a hard-drinking chief of detectives for a ride out to a ranch, where he had got him drunk on spiked wine, and then, as they were driving back to town, he had steered him into a policeman. The chief of detectives had been arrested for drunken driving and Spencer had scooped the town on the story.

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'He said his name was Wilson. He was admitted to the inner office where Crawford and Spencer sat. Sometime later there was the clatter of shots. The man in the blue suit ran out of the place and disappeared down the street.

Herbert Spencer was dead; Charlie Crawford was mortally wounded. He was rushed to the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital. The Rev. Gustav Briegleb came and held his hand and prayed. His wife came and cried. The cops came and told him: "You're going to die, Charlie. Who did it?"

Crawford pushed an ether mask off his face and told the young detective leaning over him, "I'd like to give you a break, son. I know who did it, but I'll take care of it in my own way."

He went under the anesthetic and never came out of it.

ALL Los Angeles wondered who had killed Charlie Crawford and Herbert F. Spencer.

Spencer's widow, crying bitterly, said, "Find Guy McAfee. Ask him who did it."

That was easy. The cops found Guy McAfee at his big expensive home on Fremont Place. But McAfee quickly demonstrated that he had had nothing to do with the killing.

He too had thrown his political power behind Dave Clark.

He was not placed under arrest but was taken into "technical custody." That is, for several days a policeman followed him wherever he went. At the time of the murder he had been nowhere near the scene but, as he proved, in Los Angeles' Hall of Justice.

McAfee told newspapermen: "This is a natural—that I should be sought for and questioned and held in technical custody after the death of Charlie Crawford and Herbert Spencer. I am perfectly satisfied with my position. I want the police to hold me until I am vindicated."

He added a word about his relations with Crawford: "Here is something that is not generally known: Charlie and I buried our chief political differences last Monday night. We had a conference arranged by mutual friends, and went over a great number of matters. At the end of that meeting our main differences had all been ironed out."

Good-Time Charlie was buried from St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, built with funds he had supplied and

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the collection plate in the Rev. Gustav Bruegleb's fashionable St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. Attached to it was a card reading, "Use this for the children."

CRAWFORD was known as the "Gray Wolf" by this time. More properly, he was a fox. If people wanted reform, they could have it. He contributed lavishly to the campaigns of reform candidates for public office on the theory that, once they were elected, he could outguess them and acquire more power than ever. And, since they were honest, he wouldn't have to share the spoils.

He began loudly to endorse a list of candidates for office. Amazingly, young Dave Clark, who had sent his business manager Albert Marco to prison, was among those whom he ostensibly supported.

He even hired a publicity man, a resourceful ex-newspaperman named Herbert F. Spencer, who in his days as a police reporter had made a dubious name for himself. Once he had taken a hard-drinking chief of detectives for a ride out to a ranch, where he had got him drunk on spiked wine, and then, as they were driving back to town, he had steered him into a policeman. The chief of detectives had been arrested for drunken driving and Spencer had scooped the town on the story.

Now Spencer had aligned himself with a political exposé sheet having a reputed circulation of 15,000. It was called the Critic of Critics. In its first few months of publication it had lampooned Mayor Porter and the church crowd. Now, with Charlie Crawford's money reputedly behind it, it deplored vice's rampancy in Los Angeles.

In its first anniversary issue, published in May, 1931, it accused former vice cop McAfee of lording it over the city's "nether regions" and promised a fuller exposé, to be entitled Guy McAfee, "Capone" of L. A.

Whether this was subtle strategy or an attempt by Charlie Crawford to squelch what he may have considered poaching is not clear. But that month of May brought sensational developments.

At about three o'clock on the afternoon of May 20, Charlie Crawford and Herbert Spencer were sitting in Crawford's real-estate office in the shadow of a church, when a visitor came to see them.

He was a tall dark man in a blue suit. He was cheerful and smiling.

"Cops came and told him. You're going to die, Charlie. Who did it?"

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Good-Time Charlie was buried from St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, built with funds he had supplied and dedicated to his mother. He lay in a \$15,000 bronze-and-silver casket. Two thousand persons attended his funeral.

His property, real and personal, amounted at the time of his death to nearly \$170,000. He wore expensive clothes and carried a \$150 watch. Yet he died a pauper. He had debts running between a quarter of and half a million dollars. His watch was sold for sixteen dollars.

Herbert Spencer was not buried in a costly casket. But he received floral tributes from two prominent mem-

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lers of the gambling fraternity, Milton "Farmer" Page and Guy McAfee. Los Angeles newspapers of the time fail to record whether he wore, in death, an accessory he had continually worn since his early reportorial days—a .45 Colt in a shoulder holster.

The Crawford-Spencer double killing did not long remain a mystery. On Thursday, May 21, the killer walked into the Hall of Justice and surrendered.

He was David H. Clark, former deputy district attorney, whose race for a municipal judgeship was even now drawing to a close.

THE Los Angeles public was aghast. Its handsome idol, the brilliant hard-hitting ex-prosecutor, the respected local boy who was making good, was in a serious mess. He had dared to lash out at the underworld and send Albert Marco to prison; he had dared, just a few days before, to declare in a campaign speech that the conviction of Marco had temporarily broken the stranglehold of underworld corruption, but that Los Angeles was again sliding under the iron thumb of organized crime. And he had intimated that he, if elected municipal judge, would carry on the fight for reform.

And now he was being held on two counts of murder!

If he had shot Crawford and Spencer, what, in heaven's name, could possibly have been his motive?

Dave Clark didn't answer that question. He told persistent newshawks, "Sorry, boys. I'm in a turmoil inside."

He had not, police learned, been home since the morning before the murder. On the day he left home, it was likewise discovered, he had attempted to borrow a gun from a policeman friend and, upon being refused, had purchased a .38 revolver from a Los Angeles shop, offering a "rubber" check in payment. The bullets taken from the bodies of Crawford and Spencer were .38s.

Los Angeles again witnessed the astounding spectacle of a candidate for public office conducting his campaign from a prison cell.

On June 2 he was defeated in the race for municipal judge, but polled 67,000 votes. The following day he was released from prison on bail of

district attorney, intent upon sending Marco to San Quentin, he had been invited to the story went, to a party. This party—attended by a number of political figures—had taken place between the first and second Marco trials. A pretty and shapely young woman had plumped herself down in Clark's lap and—to his surprise—had thrown her arms around his neck.

All of which, the story insisted, had been recorded by a hidden camera.

Dave Clark was devoted to his pretty wife Nancy, and it is doubtful if such a thing could have happened. However, the story had it that Crawford was holding this photograph over Clark's head; threatening to use it if he attempted, on his second try, to convict Marco.

The story went even further—to the effect that when the time had come to select a jury for Marco's second trial, word had been sent to Special Prosecutor Clark that three men who would hang the jury had been wormed into the panel of prospective jurors. If he knew what was good for him, Clark was supposed to have been told, he would not try to keep those three men off the jury.

Whatever the facts, a judge who didn't like the looks of things sent the whole jury panel into another courtroom and a new panel was drawn for the Marco case.

The other rumor sent police looking for June Taylor, a comely blonde, consort of Albert Marco who reputedly became his field manager after he went to prison.

According to this rumor, Dave Clark had agreed to "throw" the Marco trial. Instead, to the annoyance of Crawford, he had gone in, pitched ball, and convicted Marco. It was even hinted that he had an "understanding" with June Taylor: They would take over Marco's business enterprises—in which Crawford had a cut—and leave the political boss out in the cold.

Then—to wind up this legend—Crawford in return threatened to frame Dave Clark with the "wild party" photograph almost on the eve of election, and, with Spencer, was shot to death for his pains.

**A**BOUT all such rumors, in which despairing police could not discover the faintest foundation of fact, Dave Clark said nothing. It became known that at his trial and sentence

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Los Angeles again witnessed the astounding spectacle of a candidate for public office conducting his campaign from a prison cell.

On June 2 he was defeated in the race for municipal judge, but polled 67,000 votes. The following day he was released from prison on bail of \$100,000. He still had uttered not a word that offered the faintest clue concerning his motive for the murders.

Police meanwhile had nothing better than the tortuous trail of political rumors to follow in their search for the motive. Rumors and more rumors floated about, many of them sensational in the extreme. Two are recorded here, not because they contain an iota of truth, but merely as an example of what some of Los Angeles' honest cops, seeking an explanation for the killings, were up against.

One rumor had it that the underworld had framed young Dave Clark. When he had been a fighting deputy

Clark was holding this photograph over Clark's head; threatening to use it if he attempted, on his second try, to convict Marco.

The story went even further—to the effect that when the time had come to select a jury for Marco's second trial, word had been sent to Special Prosecutor Clark that three men who would hang the jury had been wormed into the panel of prospective jurors. If he knew what was good for him, Clark was supposed to have been told, he would not try to keep those three men off the jury.

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A BOUT all such rumors, in which despairing police could not discover the faintest foundation of fact, Dave Clark said nothing. It became obvious that at his trial—and not before—he would rip the veil of mystery from what had happened in Crawford's real-estate office on Sunset Boulevard late in the afternoon of May 20.

On Monday, August 3, before Superior Court Judge Stanley Murray of Madera County, who was announced to hear the case only a few minutes before court opened, David H. Clark went on trial for his life. He was to be tried first for the murder of Spencer.

On the eighth floor of Los Angeles' Hall of Justice, hundreds of persons sought a chance to jam their way into the tiny stuffy courtroom that had

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Crawford was in a state of mind, according to Clark, in effect:

"I'm back in the state, going to be the real power in this town. I can control the politics of the next year, with the Cahuenga here and with all those Angelenos will be at its it'll be my city!"

Crawford revealed double-crossing his past, the radio station I build for Gus Briegleb can do! Why, I'll have a machine that will swing to a hundred thousand

(Continued on p.

seats for only sixty-five spectators.

Clark's pretty young wife was in the courtroom. Clark himself, natty dressed, cheerful, handsome in a dark fashion reminiscent of the movie idol John Gilbert, had the crowd with him from the start.

The defense, not unaware of his masculine attractiveness, succeeded in seating seven women on the jury. It was selected in two days and locked up. Clark was ordered back to jail.

District Attorney Buron Fitts had sent his boss, Asa Keyes, to San Quentin. He didn't relish the job of trying now to put his former deputy on the gallows. He designated a veteran attorney, W. Joseph Ford, to conduct the prosecution.

Ford, in his opening statement, frankly assured the jury that the State hadn't the faintest idea why Clark had slain. Only Clark, it seemed, could tell them that.

Ten days after the trial opened, David Clark took the stand as his own principal witness, and the whole city waited breathlessly. It did not have long to wait. Calmly he testified that he had shot both Spencer and Crawford. It was done, he swore, in self-defense.

And before his story was over, David Clark was a greater hero than ever, if you reacted as many people evidently did to his testimony.

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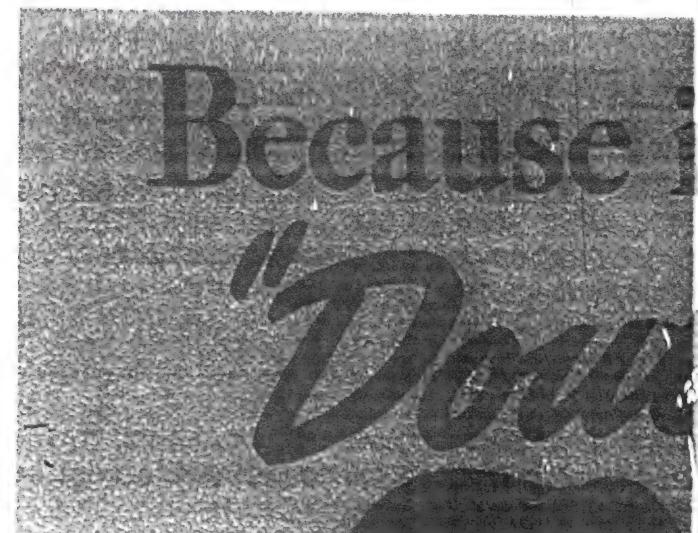
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Crawford was in a pleasant frame of mind, according to Clark. He told Clark, in effect:

"I'm back in the saddle now. I'm going to be the real political boss in this town. I can control four members of the next grand jury. And next year, with the Olympic Games here and with all those visitors, Los Angeles will be at its greatest. And it'll be my city!"

Crawford revealed that he was double-crossing his pastor, too. "With the radio station I'm going to build for Gus Briegleb, think what I can do! Why, I'll have a political machine that will swing seventy-five to a hundred thousand votes!"

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track after a rain!"

d use this 3-Action  
he same Wildroot  
dirt and dandruff  
re vegetable oil that  
the scalp! Use it be-  
ur hair stays well-

(Continued from page 26)

Clark, it seems, sat there waiting for Crawford to say something about the matter that concerned him—help in his campaign for the judgeship. Crawford got to it. He promised Clark he would help him. But—

"Dave," Clark quoted him, "you're just getting started in politics. You know, if people do things for you, you've got to do things for them."

Dave Clark waited, to learn what the catch might be. Crawford told him, "I want you to take Chief Steckel down to Santa Monica."

Chief of Police Roy E. Steckel and Dave Clark had been friends for eight years. It had been Steckel who had handled the arrest of Albert Marco on the gun-assault charge, Steckel's testimony that had been largely responsible for Marco's conviction and subsequent imprisonment. Spencer and Steckel had been enemies and, Steckel once said, the gun-toting ex-newspaperman had tried to have him demoted and transferred.

Now, according to Dave Clark's testimony, Crawford, in exchange for his support, was asking Clark to take his friend Steckel to a place in Santa Monica. Clark, on the witness stand, said that he had jumped to his feet upon hearing that proposal and had shouted:

"Do you want me to frame my good friend Steckel? You dirty low-down skunk! You were indicted for framing Councilman Jacobson . . . now you join the church and profess to be a Christian, and you throw a big diamond into the plate. . . . I'm going out and from every platform and radio I am going to tell the people what happened in this room. You are two dirty rats."

Crawford, Clark swore, said, "No — — has ever talked to me that way," and seemingly reached for a gun. Clark said he grabbed Crawford, who said, "Get him, Herb."

"I pulled out my gun and shot Mr. Crawford," Clark testified. "Then I saw Mr. Spencer coming across the room. He was leaning over, making a movement with his hand, and I pointed my gun at him and shot him."

THUS did the picture take form. A young ex-prosecutor, brilliant, dashing, fearlessly challenging the underworld; refusing courageously to frame a friend.

It was a vivid picture, and eleven of the jurors believed in it. The twelfth, a stubborn male, didn't. For

Dave Clark, the dashing ex-prosecutor, was acquitted. The public, like both juries, probably had stood ponderantly behind him.

Mrs. Alice O. Thomas, forewoman of the first jury, summed it up most colorfully: "He shot Crawford and Spencer to save his own life. He is one of our noblest Americans!"

William E. Weller, the hold-out juror on that same jury, however, had said, "I voted guilty right from the start. I was for hanging, but I would have given in if they had gone for a guilty verdict of any kind. I would not have changed had the trial kept on ten years."

Why Mr. Weller was so stubbornly convinced that Dave Clark must be guilty does not appear. Perhaps he lost all faith in the picture of Clark as an inflexible, forthright public official because of one dismal, disillusioning fragment of testimony that was given during the trial.

Clark was being questioned about his ringing speeches during the judgeship campaign. "You didn't believe," he was asked, "your talks against the underworld would incur the hostility of any one or hurt any one?"

"Well, I don't know," he admitted. "I was just talking to get votes."

AFTER his acquittal he told reporters of his plans: "In a couple of days Nancy and I are going to motor to the ranch of a friend upcountry and stay there for about two weeks. Then I am going back and take things up where I had to lay them down. I will open a law office in downtown Los Angeles, the city of my birth, and expect to spend the remainder of my life here in the practice of my chosen profession."

So much for Clark's plans. After a fashion, he carried them out, but his legal work for a while seems to have been concerned with discovering how dog racing legally could be carried on in California, and he was to become an associate of Guy McAfee. He lived in a big and fashionable home and became something of a free-spending man about town.

And then, suddenly, Dave Clark vanished as completely as if he had been swallowed up by the earth beneath him, and his pretty wife Nancy sat at home sobbing over a mysterious ransom note she had received demanding \$10,000 for his safe return but offering no evidence that it came from any one who knew any

s me "Handsome".  
My hair stays down



## It no good! It pass AIL TEST!"

But it woke me up to the wrong with my hair. If enough for an Indian for me!



The barber, "is there any mail Test ads?"

"snorts Mike, "and you in' those ads for! Your race track after a rain!"



"and use this 3-Action t's the same Wildroot way dirt and dandruff is pure *vegetable* oil that on the scalp! Use it be- your hair stays well-oo!"



calls me "Handsome", right! My hair stays down day!

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**WILDRONT**  
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oily tonic, on sale everywhere!

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It was a vivid picture, and eleven of the jurors believed in it. The twelfth, a stubborn male, didn't. For three days he hopelessly deadlocked that jury. The result was a mistrial.

Handsome Dave Clark was tried again in September. This time there were eight women on the jury. They were deadlocked for almost a solid day—again by a male juror. They brought in their verdict: "Not guilty!"

The presiding judge congratulated smiling David Clark and told him, "Had I been hearing this case without a jury, I would have rendered the same verdict these good citizens did—not guilty."

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How much did good citizens really know, even then, about Los Angeles' invisible empire? Did they know of its reorganization for higher-power plundering after its stooge Shaw became mayor? Of its creation of that atrocious police spy squad which was to rival the Old World's Gestapo and OGPU? You, at all events, will know the whole stories of those diabolical developments—after reading next week's installment of this series!



at the Blythe Bridge a Los Angeles policeman asked him,  
"Where are you from, buddy?"

# THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

Corruption, vice, a hidden dictatorship!  
Dramatically, a startling saga unfolds

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

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The first jury couldn't agree. A second, on which there were eight women, found Clark not guilty. He returned to the practice of law, became an associate of McAfee, and appeared to prosper. Then abruptly he vanished. His wife received what purported to be a ransom note.

## PART THREE—THE SPY SQUAD THAT FLOORED UNCLE SAM

In 1931 Charlie Crawford and Herbert Spencer had been slain by Dave Clark, and in that same year Clifford E. Clinton, the little restaurant man, had come to Los Angeles bringing with him his capital of nearly \$2,000 and his Golden Rule ideal.

After Crawford's death, Guy McAfee's political star shone even more



John Langan, film director and acting expert, who learned to what it meant to buck the Spy

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On May 20, 1931, in Crawford's office, Spencer was shot dead and Crawford fatally wounded by a caller who escaped, unidentified. The next day the caller gave himself up—and proved to be Dave Clark, the much admired local Galahad. At his trial he explained that he had done the shooting in self-defense. Crawford, he said, had agreed to support his candidacy provided he would "frame" his friend Chief Steckel; when he had indignantly refused and threatened exposure, both Crawford and Spencer had seemingly reached for guns.

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sun, eating oranges, discovering oil, and chasing autographs, did not even know of the existence of their city's invisible empire. You might have mentioned to the average citizen the names of half a dozen of these powerful men without drawing more than a puzzled stare. So carefully did they keep out of the public eye that one of them, a great power politically, when he was mentioned, at all, was designated solely by the cryptic phrase, "Third and Spring."

It was only when you opposed them—or threatened to plug up the liquid stream of their revenue—that you discovered, quickly and disastrously, that these invisible forces were very real indeed.

In 1932 an attempt had been made to recall churchgoing Mayor John Clinton Porter. It had failed, but in

F. McKinney and Fred Allhoff

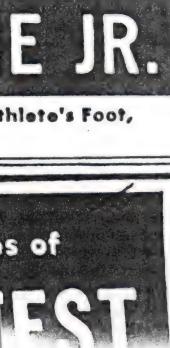


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the 1933 elections he was defeated by Frank L. Shaw, whose campaign slogan was "Throw the Grafters Out."

There was a stirring slogan! Unfortunately, on July 6, 1933, only five days after he had taken office, Mayor Shaw appointed his brother Joseph as his secretary. And, as a nimble grafted, Joe Shaw would have been hard to match.

Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw, born in Canada, had been brought to this country as a child by his father. As a drummer for a wholesale grocery firm he had come to Los Angeles from the Southwest. He had soon shown ability in contacting city departments and in adjusting, for grateful merchants, problems that arose over city inspections. With the business men's votes behind him and a wife at his side who had no small political ability herself, Shaw rode into Los Angeles polities as a city councilman. Later he became County Supervisor, defeating an opponent who had sneered at him as "the grocery boy who made good."

**S**HAW, a short, portly, genial man who wore rimless glasses, a Hitleresque mustache, and a brace on his right leg, ran for mayor in 1933. The story has it that his wife Cora helped weld the city's precincts together until, in the closing days of the campaign, poor health forced her to become more or less inactive. It was then that brother Joe, a retired naval lieutenant, appeared on the scene to take active charge of his brother's campaign.

A well built man in his early fifties, Joe Shaw had the curt commanding manner of his navy days. He had gray-black hair and gray piercing eyes; was as temperamental as a Hollywood star, loyal to his friends and relentless to his enemies. With no political experience whatever, he showed an instantaneous aptitude for municipal management—and its financial possibilities.

Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw became mayor. Joe ("the Lieutenant") went on the public pay roll as his brother's secretary at \$500 a month. He occupied a luxurious office in Frank's suite on the first floor of City Hall. It became known as "the corner pocket." Word eventually got around among the Spring

a Police Department-and-underworld coterie took the spoils. Certain police officers, long after they had retired from the force, wielded tremendous power.

Joe Shaw revised that. He found that city jobs and civil-service posts were precious commodities that often enjoyed a lively sale. He sold them.

Whether he was also responsible for all the other things that happened under the Shaw administration, you can decide for yourself when you have finished this series.

If the public for years had been paying tribute to the underworld, the underworld was to begin to do a bit of forking over. The pay-off demanded for running a house of prostitution during the Shaw regime was set at twenty-five dollars a girl a week. Gambling joints had a sliding scale, dependent on their weekly take. It was the bookies who really took it on the chin. At first they were charged a \$250 "initiation fee." It was properly named. The "initiation" was only the beginning.

In 1937, after the Shaw administration won a second term, a new man came to Los Angeles. He was a stranger to the gambling crowd. He had a wire service to offer the bookmakers. Now, the established bookmakers already had a wire service whereby they received, for the benefit of their sporting customers, running accounts of the races on which those customers had bet. They needed another wire service about as much as they needed a counterfeit ten-dollar bill. So they told this newcomer just where he and his service could go.

Wham! Down went their bookmaking joints in a series of raids that must have warmed the hearts of the taxpayers and convinced them that their new Mayor, Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw, would stand for nothing so off-color as protected gambling and that their Police Department was as tireless as it was honest.

**T**HE bookies, however, were astute enough to see it another way. They subscribed to the second wire service at a reported fee of about \$37.50 a week. And, sure enough, the troublesome police raids stopped.

But all this represented a heavy financial drain, and when, to top it off, they were ordered to kick in half

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James E. Davis, who had been one of Guy McAfee's fellow members of the old "Purity Squad," was reinstated as Chief of Police, while Roy Steckel was ironically demoted to the traffic post to which Davis, under the Porter reform administration, had been demoted.

The civic set-up in Los Angeles prior to the Shaw administration had generally been something like this: Elected and appointed officials were mere figureheads. They took the rap for prevalent vice and gambling while

manded for running a house of prostitution during the Shaw regime was set at twenty-five dollars a girl a week. Gambling joints had a sliding scale, dependent on their weekly take. It was the bookies who really took it on the chin. At first they were charged a \$250 "initiation fee." It was properly named. The "initiation" was only the beginning.

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But all this represented a heavy financial drain, and when, to top it off, they were ordered to kick in half of their receipts, some of the bookies actually went on relief and began to mutter through their whiskers.

Building up a golden graft machine is one thing. Protecting it from attack and interference is another. Joe Shaw did both.

He organized the Spy Squad, a secret police unit political in purpose, answerable not to the Mayor nor to the sharpshooting Chief of Police James E. Davis, but directly to Joe Shaw.

The story of Los Angeles' Spy Squad is one that should be of pertinent and timely interest to every wide-awake citizen of the United States today. For it goes to show that

the transition from our American democratic system of government to subversive Communism or Fascism is ridiculously simple. In Los Angeles there was a subsurface transition to what amounted to a form of Fascism. Let's see how it came about under "the Lieutenant."

In the earlier charter provisions of Los Angeles the members of the department were answerable to the Chief of Police, he in turn to the Police Commission, the Police Commission to the Mayor, and the Mayor, of course, to the people. The invisible government of Los Angeles over a long period of time subtly changed that with amendments ostensibly designed to take the Police Department "out of politics." The Police Commission was emasculated and a Board of Rights set up. A policeman charged with anything from brutality to graft became answerable only to the Board of Rights—a three-man tribunal consisting of officers of the rank of captain or higher. To make it even easier for the offending cop, six names of officers authorized to act as the Board were placed in a box and the policeman was permitted to draw any three.

The Police Department, and the Police Department alone, washed its own dirty linen behind locked doors, away from the public eye. It was a neat little departmental dictatorship. And if the wash came out dirtier than ever, the Mayor could shrug the matter off. It wasn't his funeral.

**I**N October, 1933, with the advent of the Shaw regime, the Metropolitan Squad was formed. It was a forerunner of the Spy Squad, popularly so called, which came into being two years later under the name of the Special Intelligence Unit, with Sergeant Earle E. Kynette in charge. It had a membership of eighteen police officers, a few of them fine honest fellows sucked into the Squad for their prestige value.

Others, notably Sergeant Kynette, were there to perform any jobs of political outraging and throat-cutting that were deemed expedient.

The Spy Squad was a unique department within the Police Department. Its only connection with that body arose from the fact that Spy Squad members were paid their salaries (around \$43,000 worth a year) no matter and unceas-

"What matters most in pipe to  
was the question we asked at a

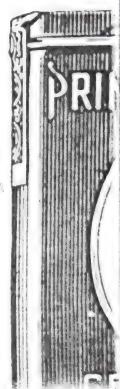


IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BO TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

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than the average of the 30 other  
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**C**ONSIDERATION No. 1 in pipe-smoking is COMFORT! You can't enjoy an over-hot smoke no matter how much you pay for the tobacco. Excess heat ruins flavor and aroma, steps up "bite." There is REAL COMFORT, TRUE MILDNESS in COOL-SMOKING Prince Albert...no excess heat to blur the rich taste and fine fragrance of those choice tobaccos. Mild, Cool, easy-drawing because it's "crimp cut." Mild, Cool, easy-drawing because it's "crimp cut." Mild, Cool, easy-drawing because it's "crimp cut."



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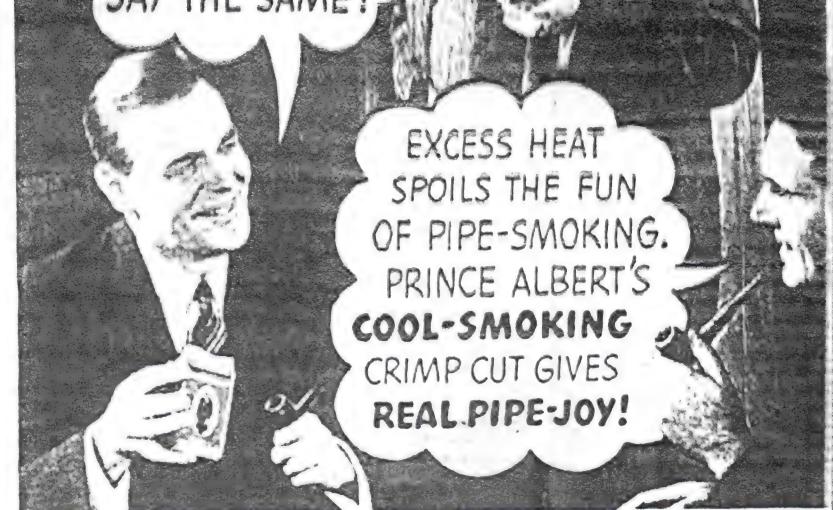
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The Spy Squad was a unique department within the Police Department. Its only connection with that body arose from the fact that Spy Squad members were paid their salaries (around \$43,000 worth a year) as police, and enjoyed the use of the taxpayers' money. In its three and a half years of existence the Spy Squad cost Los Angeles citizens something near a quarter of a million dollars.

Unlike other branches of the Police Department, it did not maintain offices in City Hall, but kept its records and its dictographs in a hide-away at 311 East First Street. Ostensibly the place was a dingy deserted storeroom. Its windows had been painted gray to shield its interior from the public's gaze, and hundreds of citizens walked by it daily quite unaware that they were passing the headquarters of



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It's easy just to say, "mild, mellow smoking," but Prince Albert gives you *proof of this statement before you buy.* Prince Albert will give you *the smoke of your life!* There's no other tobacco like it.

(Try P.A. in "makin's" smokes too.)

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5  
**Prince Albert**

what was, perhaps, the most sinister organization in America.

It had a back entrance, through which Spy Squad members could enter unobserved. Having done so, they walked down a flight of stairs to a dark narrow high-ceilinged passageway. At the other end of the passageway a staircase with a balustrade led up to the street-level storeroom, a narrow room divided by partitions into offices. Down below, near the back-door staircase, was a cubbyhole workshop piled high with telephone wire and electrical equipment.

In this small room an expensive recording machine—purchased by the taxpayers—preserved radio speeches snatched from the air or conversational titbits that took the fancy of the administration. Set high in a partition was a loud-speaker that blared forth the latest eavesdropping scoop of this Los Angeles Gestapo. Around the room were filing cabinets securely padlocked.

Here in these rooms, in written reports and on transcribed disks, were the personal secrets and telephone conversations of scores of Los Angeles citizens; skeletons from the closets of private lives; all the hidden and forgotten dregs of scandals that a squad trained, financed, and equipped to dip into personal privacy had been able to salvage.

Such were Joe Shaw's Spy Squad and its headquarters.

Los Angeles has long been an open-shop town; Red-baiting long has been its popular sport. This is not to imply any criticism of either but to point out that some of Los Angeles' mouthy, incompetent politicians have managed to climb to office on a campaign that promised little more than that they would pull a bomb and an anarchist from beneath each worried citizen's bed.

The Spy Squad came easily into full-blown existence for that very reason. Its ostensible purpose was to combat "subversive elements." Its real purpose was to bat the living day-lights out of any one who so much as moved his lips in criticism of the Shaw administration.

**W**HEN Clifford E. Clinton, tremendously moved by the oath he had taken as a grand juror, put his innocent nose to the scent of gambling and prostitution, he was not only going up against an organized, invisible underworld government, but

the crusading film thrillers turned out by his studio. The theater, since he got out toward the goal of a director's job as a callboy for Jane Cowl, had occupied most of his life. At the time of these events he was still in a theatrical post but had accepted a "working vacation" to go to Arizona to investigate some mining property. He was well grounded in mineralogy.

On the night of February 10, 1936, John Langan—who had an excellent Irish-German background and a willingness to fight for what he considered the rights of others—was riding toward the California border in a car.

A small dark-haired man in his thirties, roughly dressed in a dark shirt, khaki breeches, and hiking boots, hatless and with several days' growth of beard, he could have been mistaken, that night, for a "desert rat." But his eyes burned angrily as he sighted the bridge spanning the muddy Colorado River at Blythe, which marks the California state line.

To his companion, who was driving, he muttered, "Those Los Angeles cops had better not try to stop me at the border. The American people don't know their own rights."

"Don't make any trouble," said his friend. "They'll be thinking we're a bunch of damn Communists."

Langan was no Communist, but he shared with a lot of people indignation at the California Border Patrol, more commonly known as the "Bum Blockade," which seems to have been the brain child of James E. Davis, Chief of Police under the Shaw administration.

**T**HEN, as now, the problem of the migratory worker was perhaps the greatest single problem confronting the State of California. Hundreds of thousands of families, with all their worldly possessions packed in their ramshackle cars, were fleeing the dust bowl. California was warm and sunny. Other states gave the Okies, as they were called, enough gasoline to keep them moving on toward California. But California had no jobs and these unfortunate had no money.

It was—and is, as they still pour in—a tremendous problem. Relief agencies had all they could do to feed the children of these people. They could extend no help to the adults. The destination of most of them was Los Angeles County, and statistics there showed a rise of nearly 30 per

fingerprinted. It was a si added to the troubles of the pathetic refugees whose this year to place at the best-seller list John powerful and moving *The Wrath*.

Langan earlier that stopped at the side of the members of a shack car dazed by the fact that they turned back at the Cali line. He had asked some "What are you going it?"

And they had shrugged dully:

"We're a-figgerin'."

Langan, sympathetic over the arbitrary "Bum was watching its success interest. A whole nation ing, for a delicate constit was involved. Could a citizen be thus robbed of his right under the Co pass freely from one st other?

Apparently he could, night that Langan's car the Blythe Bridge, the "ade" had been in opera days. Langan thought pretty damnably highha

**A**T the border a Los Angeles man, C. T. Fabor. "Where are you from, b Langan had always to the name "buddy." the policeman a long t answering. Finally he necessary that I tell you

Fabor turned to and "I have a tough punk he he's a wise guy."

"You can't call me a or a wise guy," snap "What right have you here from Los Angeles t If there's any insulting let the sheriff of this cou

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WHEN Clifford E. Clinton, tremendously moved by the oath he had taken as a grand juror, put his innocent nose to the scent of gambling and prostitution, he was not only going up against an organized, invisible underworld government, but also against a city administration that had become equally powerful. He was tangling with the Spy Squad!

We have already seen what happened to men who, whatever their motive, spoke out against the underworld. Councilman Carl L. Jacobson was one; Dave Clark another. It will be well to see what happened to those who went up against the Spy Squad

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WHEN Clifford E. Clinton, tremulously moved by the oath he had taken as a grand juror, put his innocent nose to the scent of gambling and prostitution, he was not only going up against an organized, invisible underworld government, but also against a city administration that had become equally powerful. He was tangling with the Spy Squad!

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On the night of February 10, 1936, John Langan—who had an excellent Irish-German background and a willingness to fight for what he considered the rights of others—was riding toward the California border in a car.

A small dark-haired man in his thirties, roughly dressed in a dark shirt, khaki breeches, and hiking boots, hatless and with several days' growth of beard, he could have been mistaken, that night, for a "desert rat." But his eyes burned angrily as he sighted the bridge spanning the muddy Colorado River at Blythe, which marks the California state line.

To his companion, who was driving, he muttered, "Those Los Angeles cops had better not try to stop me at the border. The American people don't know their own rights."

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Langan, today a studio dialogue director with Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., went through an experience that for sheer melodrama outdoes any of

the best fiction. Joe Shaw, the man set out toward the goal of a director's job as a callboy for Jane Cowl, had occupied most of his life. At the time of these events he was still in a theatrical post, but had accepted a "working vacation" to go to Arizona to investigate some mining property. He was well grounded in mineralogy.

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In that angry moment he determined to bring suit against Chief of Police James E. Davis and the City of Los Angeles. It was an important decision. The future of thousands of people who had been "afraid to come to California" would be affected by it. But for Langan himself it was momentous. It was to plunge him

(Continued on page 26)

(Continued from page 24)

into an incredible nightmare and—for a long time—to imperil his professional career.

The firm of John C. Packard and James Carter took his case and, on February 19, 1936, filed suit against Chief Davis and the City of Los Angeles for \$5,000 damages.

They were not blind to the complexity of the migratory-worker problem, or unaware of its seriousness to the people of California.

They were, however, unalterably opposed to the method that was being used to solve it.

Because it involved a constitutional point, the suit was filed in *Federal Court*.

And then the Spy Squad stepped in.

The Spy Squad, since its inception, had been headed by Earle E. Kynette, a dough-faced, weak-eyed egomaniac with an army and medical background and considerable intelligence. He had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the fall of the previous year. His specialty was placing dictographs.

He and his boys went to work on the Langan case. Their object was to cause Langan, by any means within their power, to drop the case.

The suit was attracting nationwide attention by this time, and about February 24 James Carter, one of Langan's attorneys, received a telephone call. The caller said that he was the Western representative of Time, the weekly newsmagazine, and that he wanted to get photographs and their side of the story, and had been unable to locate Langan.

Carter said he would see what could be done. He arranged with Langan for an interview. The next morning at nine o'clock four men came to the Packard-Carter offices: a photographer; a husky fellow; the man who had telephoned; and a short man.

THE camera was set up. Langan was photographed with his attorneys on either side of him. He told his interviewer that he owned a sword used by one of his ancestors in the Revolutionary War, and that it was perhaps an inheritance from this ancestor that made him feel as he did toward the highhanded Border Patrol. Packard too told the interviewers that ancestors of his had fought in the Revolution.

For several weeks after that, Packard and Carter and Langan bought copies of Time and searched them for the story and the pictures. They found nothing.

They had given photographs and an interview not, as they supposed, to representatives of Time but to impostors—members of the Spy Squad. Later, the photographs and the interview were to turn up in the confidential files of the Spy Squad, and they were used by it in an effort to discredit John Langan through his attorneys. Neither Langan nor his attorneys were Communists, but that

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"Look here, John," they would say. "Here's a story that says Packard and Carter are Communists. And here's a photograph of you standing with them. How did you ever get mixed up in this, anyway? You're in with a bad bunch."

Packard and Carter found themselves constantly under the surveillance of police. Attorney Packard kept his automobile in a parking lot on Winston Street. Every day, as he would leave the parking lot, a police car containing two officers in full uniform would drop in behind him. Once they followed him as far as Whittier, California, seventeen miles from Los Angeles.

PACKARD had no desire to hide his movements. But the constant tailing, day and night, began to have its logical effect. His nerves became jumpy. His wife, terribly frightened, exacted a promise from him that whenever he was not at his office, he would phone her every few hours. They were both afraid he might be framed. He told her and their fifteen-year-old son:

"If you are ever arrested in Los Angeles at any time, say nothing at all—except your name and address—until I can be contacted."

The Spy Squad now applied new pressure to Langan indirectly. They went to Morris Sides, who had employed Langan to make the Arizona trip and advise him on the possibilities of a mica deposit at Cleator, Arizona. They told Sides, in effect: "You are running this plant and you are violating an ordinance against dust. Either you get Langan to dismiss the Border Patrol suit or we'll start action against you."

Morris Sides went out to get estimates on the changes the city officials insisted would be necessary if he wished to avoid trouble. He learned these would cost him about \$20,000. He had no sooner received this discouraging news than two large roofing manufacturing concerns with which he did thousands of dollars' worth of business advised him that they had been told he was associated with a Communist. Unless Langan dropped his suit, they warned him, they would have to terminate their business relations with him.

Under these circumstances Langan, of course, was not employed again as a mining expert.

Mrs. Langan, a British subject, had entered the United States through a Canadian port. Whatever the details of her entry, Langan now received a flood of mysterious phone calls, in many of which he was told that his pretty young mate and the mother of his child was going to be deported unless he dropped the Border Patrol suit. Four years later, as this is written, Mrs. Langan is out on bail while awaiting trial on de-

idle threats but was supremely competent in obtaining complete data concerning any citizen they wished to work over or "persuade."

The Langans felt panic over these threats of deportation at the time, but Langan instructed his attorneys to go on with the suit. He didn't think they could deport his wife, and he thought there were few other ways in which they could hit him.

In this last conclusion he failed to appreciate the resourcefulness of the Spy Squad.

His friends still were being deluged with material designed to convince them that he was a Red. One clever bit was a letter telling one of his friends that Langan had informed the writer that he, the friend, would make a good member of the Communist Party. Accordingly the writer was enclosing an application card to the Communist Party and to the Workers' School.

When the puzzled friend came to ask Langan if he really was a Communist, Langan turned the letter over to his attorneys. It was written on a sheet of paper which proved to have the same watermark as another letter that had come from the Los Angeles Police Department. And it had been written on the same typewriter.

By this time Langan's attorneys themselves were jittery. To the constant surveillance and their fear of a frame-up was added the unpleasant suspicion (later verified) that their office telephones had been tapped. Telephone tapping in California is a felony, but that fact never disturbed the Spy Squad.

They called the telephone company, which sent men to check their lines. The men found no evidence that the lines were carrying an extra load. The answer was simple: The Spy Squad had expected the check-up and removed the tap temporarily, or had used the induction type of wire tap that is undetectable by telephone-company tests.

On March 9 Packard was in Federal Court arguing the Langan case. Langan was in Cleator, Arizona, 500 miles away, where the mica deposits that he had examined as an expert were located.

That day a telegram from Cleator was received by James Carter, Packard's partner. It read:

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AGAINST DAVIS IMMEDIATELY SORRY  
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(Continued on page 28)

**WHAT IS  
YOUR SMILE  
LIKE?**

George Nichols, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile"—but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!

**DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER**

Dimples or no dimples, your smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists—it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods—helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

**DENTYNE'S SPICY FLAVOR IS A WINNER!**

You can't help being won by Dentyne's temptingly spicy taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of the Orient. Rich—long-lasting—delicious! You'll like Dentyne's unique, flat package too—slips so smoothly into pocket or purse. Just try Dentyne!

(Continued from page 26)

There he learned plenty. Two men representing themselves to be federal officers had not only put the heat on John Langan himself but had gone to his friends and associates who were interested in the mine with a malicious story intended to destroy Langan's reputation, the false assertion that he was a Communist, and the threat that his friends would lose their jobs if they didn't "drop" him. These "federal officers" were members of the Spy Squad.

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With the filing of the second suit, Lieutenant Earle Kynette took matters directly into his own nimble hands. Langan was not a nobody to be pushed around but a cultured man with a fine background. Kynette accordingly reversed his technique. He became a constant and cordial visitor at Langan's home. He was persuasive and he was eloquent. But his goal remained the same—to convince Lan-

gan to his home. There he amused them by playing records—dictograph transcripts of incriminating conversations allegedly by men high in Los Angeles' city and social life. He played records of the conversation in telephone calls which Langan's attorneys, Packard and Carter, had privately made over their office phones. He had several cabinets filled with records. And he had many photographs of various reform leaders in compromising positions.

It all purported to be a new and amusing experience for Langan. But it all added up to an ominous display of the power of the Spy Squad and particularly of Lieutenant Kynette.

Langan, however, did not agree to discontinue his suit. Trial was set for the morning of March 30, 1936—a Monday.

That Sunday night, around midnight, James Carter was awakened in his home by his telephone. The caller was Mrs. Langan. Her husband had left their home that day with Kynette. And he had not come back!

He did not come home that night. He did not come the following morning, either.

LANGAN'S attorneys went into court before Federal Judge Albert Lee Stephens to try the case. They were in an unusual position: They not only did not have the faintest idea of where their own client might be, but could not even guess what might have happened to him.

At four o'clock that afternoon a Western Union messenger came into the courtroom and handed Attorney Packard a letter. He read it, scrutinized the signature, shrugged his shoulders helplessly, and turned to Judge Stephens. "Your Honor," he explained, "I am confronted with a peculiar problem. I have just had handed to me . . . a letter asking me to dismiss the present proceedings. I am convinced that this letter is signed by my client, but circumstances that have surrounded this case lead me to believe the letter is not the free act of my client."

Packard explained his reasons for believing that the entire case had been shot with intimidation by the Los Angeles Police Department.

Judge Stephens ruled that unless Langan personally appeared in his court to request a dismissal, the case would continue.

It did. The battle of arguments went on. Two hours later there was a dramatic interruption. John Langan walked into the courtroom.

The man who had been missing from his home since the day before was dressed in an ordinary business suit. Some spectators said he looked as though he had gone through a sleepless night; others, that he looked as though he had been on a drinking spree. Some thought he wore the expression of a thoroughly dejected, beaten, frightened man.

**DENTYNE**

George Nichols, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile" — but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!

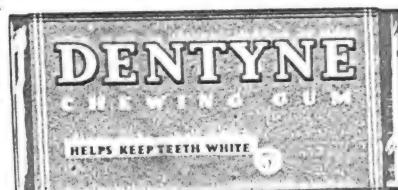


## DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, your smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists — it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods — helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

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Judge Stephens was leaning forward eagerly. Why did the plaintiff wish to dismiss the case?

Langan would give no reason. Had pressure been used, the judge asked, to bring about this decision? Langan signed a formal statement saying that he was requesting the dismissal of his own free will.

There was nothing for the judge to do except dismiss the case. Langan obviously was emotionally upset, under some sort of strain.

Judge Stephens that same day wrote a letter to the United States District Attorney, requesting him to investigate to learn whether "... a most flagrant attempt to obstruct justice has been made."

The investigation was soon stymied. Langan refused to answer questions put to him by federal investigators. One of them said later, "The man's just plain scared."

WHAT happened to John Langan on that Sunday when he left home in the company of chubby Lieutenant Earle Kynette of the Spy Squad? It remains to this day a mystery. Langan has since claimed that he dropped the suit in deference to his wife, who was badly worried, and because the purpose of the suit had been accomplished through the dissolution of the Border Patrol. Whatever his reason was, he signed the note, later delivered to Attorney Packard in the courtroom, asking for a dismissal.

Lieutenant Kynette had saved the head of the Los Angeles Police Department, Chief James E. "Cupie" Davis, from an embarrassing damage suit. That called for a bonus.

Langan, after the case, wrote an angry letter to Chief Davis sarcastically suggesting that Kynette be awarded a promotion for his "fine work" in having the suit called off. They promptly—and with straight faces—took him up on this suggestion. On May 11, 1936, Chief of Police Davis publicly announced that Lieutenant Earle E. Kynette had been promoted to the rank of captain "for efficient and meritorious service in the Langan case."

The public odium of the Langan case had resulted in the dissolution of the California Border Patrol about a month earlier, but Lieutenant Kynette got his big red apple just the same.

Ponder the situation thoughtfully. There is nothing like it, nothing with such terrifying undertones, in contemporary American history.

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If Uncle Sam himself was no match for that satanic Spy Squad, how was private citizen Clinton to get anywhere against its masters? How did the Spy Squad eventually learn the full scope of Clinton's resolve to clean up Los Angeles—and what happened to him then? The answers are not

# Frankfurts fit for a king... fine meats only, a SUPER TENDER!



Festive Frankfurts! bold Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts, their thin skins split and flavor to escape. All summer for 5 to 8 min and serve immediately. Range platter with halves filled with cranberry and orange relish.

They're SWIFT'S PREMIUM! So delicate they cut at the touch of your fork... and with a rich flavor of fine meats, more delicious than any you've

These new Swift's Premium *Tender* Frankfurts are plump and juicy... dinner size! Far more than just a picnic meat, they belong right on your dinner table—on a par with sirloin and fried chicken!

You see, Swift has discovered a new method which makes these large frankfurts unbelievably tender through and through. Their skins are *tendered* in fresh pineapple juice (patent pending). No pineapple taste remains—but the frankfurts are so delicate your fork goes through them at a touch!

And you'll cheer the superb fine-meat flavor of these new frankfurts. In making them, Swift uses only selected cuts of meat. Seasons them with a subtle blend of rare spices. Smokes the links over hardwood fires.

You'd better not wait any longer to try these dinner-size frankfurts. Extra appetizing, super tender—they're too good to miss!



Take your choice! In addition to "Dinner" size, your dealer has Swift's Premium Frankfurts in the "Standard" quality delicious. But whatever you look for, the "Swift's Premium" set quality, on every fourth link.

Copy 1939, Swift



Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "Swift's" meat products, including Meat Loaf... Braunschweiger... Cervelat... Luncheon meat.

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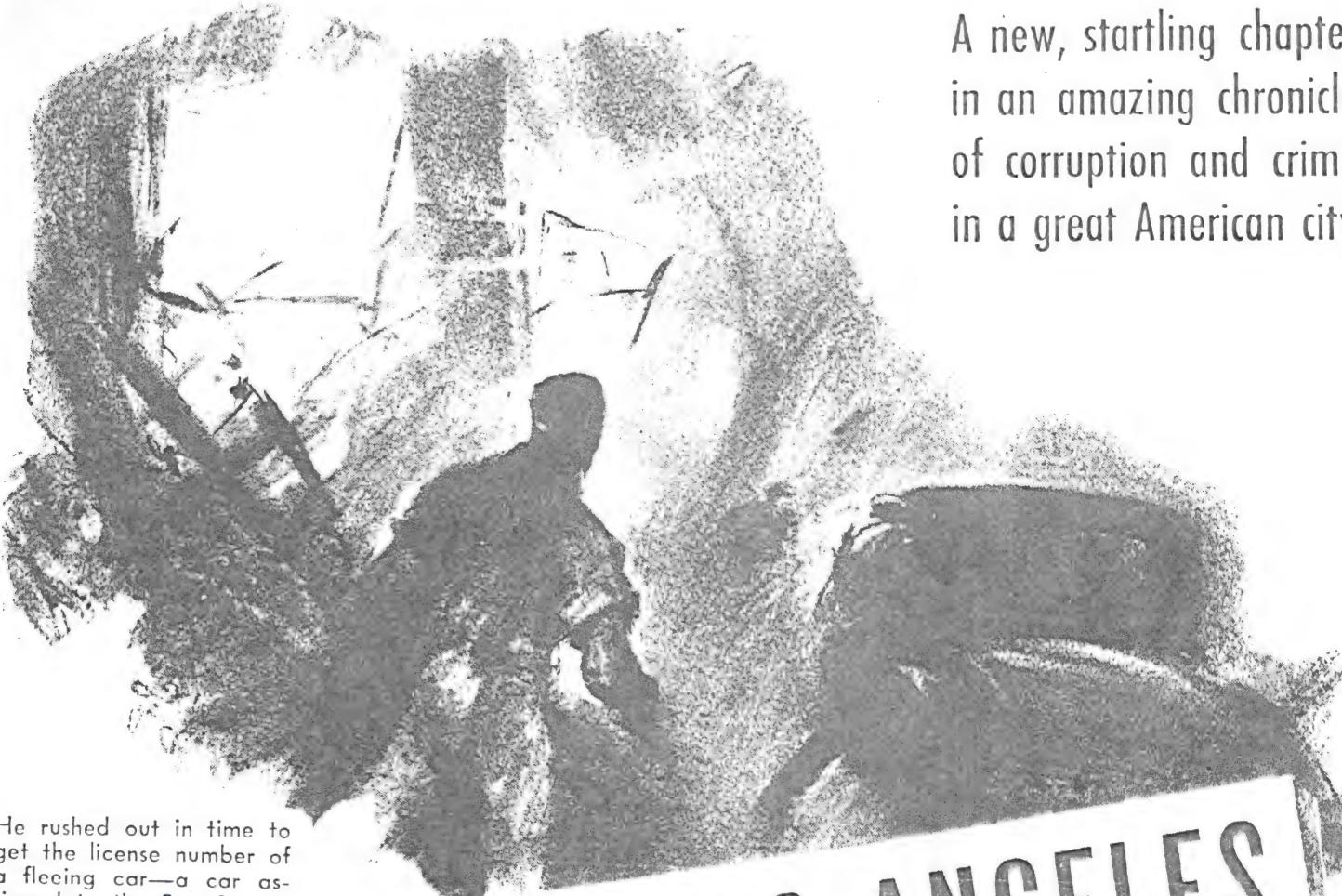


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A new, startling chapter  
in an amazing chronicle  
of corruption and crime  
in a great American city

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# THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

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John Langan, a movie studio director with mineralogy as a side line, could have told Clifford E. Clinton in 1937 what it meant to fall foul of the Spy Squad. For in 1936 Langan, returning from an investigation of mica deposits in Arizona, was questioned at the state line by the police who had been posted there because of the dust-bowl refugees. Angered, he brought suit in Federal Court against Chief of Police Davis and the city. The Spy Squad headed by S-

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PART FOUR—CHIEF DAVIS PULLS

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Those had been the instructions of Judge William Tell Arreler (originally composed by Judge Fletcher Bowron) to the 1937 grand jury of Los Angeles County, and Clifford E. Clinton, mightily impressed by them, had taken a solemn oath. He hadn't taken it with his fingers crossed.

Slot machines were to be found all over town. Bawdy houses—from the two dollar establishments on Central Avenue, Los Angeles' "Harlem," to the ten- to fifty-dollar bordellos of Hollywood and the Beverly Hills district—flourished all over the city. And with every other step you tripped over some bad booking horse bets,



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The Spy Squad, headed by Sergeant Earle E. Kynette, swung into action. Langan's attorneys Packard and Carter were mendaciously "smeared" as being Communists, and so was he. They found themselves shadowed and their phones tapped. His wife was threatened with deportation. Then Packard in

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These things, as in any other town, were symptoms, sure signs of an underworld allied with officials sworn to stamp that underworld out.

Why, Clinton wondered thought-

fully, did some of Los Angeles' public officials spend on their campaigns ten times the salary that they would receive if elected?

There was only one conclusion. Graft and corruption—which he and his fellow grand jurors had solemnly sworn to ferret out and smash—existed in high places. With pathetic confidence and eagerness, he set his feet upon a trail cluttered with the bones of others who had tried to combat the underworld and the city administration.

When he introduced one of his first motions (to determine whether protected vice and gambling existed), he was given a mild warning by most of his fellow grand jurors, on whom he was relying. "Oh, we don't want to have anything to do with vice and gambling," he was told. "Those things just go on. Always have. You can't do anything about them."

Clinton tried to explain that his aim was a chase not of prostitutes and petty gamblers but of the underworld leaders and their political protectors. They shrugged him off.

ONLY three of his fellow grand jurors sided with him. These were eminently respectable men, like himself: Harry L. Ferguson, a retired architect; Earl H. Kelly, a realtor; and John L. Bogue, a Baptist minister, the first minister to serve on a Los Angeles grand jury.

Now, what happens in the confines of the grand jury chamber is, properly, quite secret. The jurors' oath binds them to keep it so. Yet there was early evidence that this 1937 grand jury leaked. Organized vice and gambling, at a conservative estimate, were worth not less than fifty million dollars a year to the interests that ran them. Word got out that Clinton was leading an attack on these illegal sources of revenue.

One J. E. Lambert, employed by a concern which among other wares placed punch boards around the city, and nominal head of a so-called Municipal Improvement Association among whose members were friends of Mayor Shaw, attacked Clinton's qualifications as a grand juror and demanded "investigation" of him on charges of having stolen a safe.

The charges were ludicrous. One day in Oakland, California, eight years before, Clinton and his children had been playing on an old salvaged destroyer on the mud flats. They had innocently removed some rusty worthless articles from the wreck and had been charged with petty theft. In open court those charges had been dismissed.

It was the sort of thing that could happen to any one, and it is interesting that Clinton's enemies should have had to reach back so far for even so flimsy an incident. The significant thing is that any one should have troubled to dig so deep into a man's past for evidence with which to discredit him.

The 1937 grand jury, at this stage angered by this attempt to cast suspicion on one of its members, looked into the matter. It found that the Spy Squad—the quarter-of-a-million-dollar organization that in the three and a half years of its existence had harassed hundreds of persons but had made not one arrest—had its fine hand in this bit of pseudo-scandal.

The man who came to the front with the absurd charges was later rewarded by the Shaw administration with a job as secretary to the Health Commission.

Clinton meanwhile had submitted one motion after another in an effort to prod the grand jury into an investigation of protected vice. He got nowhere.

He talked it over with Bogue, Kelly,



The Shaw regime's police chief James Davis, who pinned a medal on Clinton.

and Ferguson. If the grand jury wouldn't investigate these things, they would. If their investigations produced evidence, the grand jury would be forced to act.

Theoretically, this reasoning was watertight.

First, Clinton had a talk with Judge William Tell Aggeler, who had convened the grand jury. He told him of his plans. Judge Aggeler was alarmed. "Please," he said, "don't fill our courts with a procession of small-time gamblers and prostitutes."

Clinton was about to say he had no such intention when the judge swiveled around in his chair, nodded toward a window through which the City Hall was visible, and added, "But if you can uncover evidence that will lead to the rascals there, you have my blessing."

Clinton, Kelly, Bogue, and Ferguson set out. They visited a place on Washington Boulevard, where a colored maid assured them that the girls would be "right down."

They produced their credentials and their grand jurors' badges—and almost scared the life out of her. They explained they were merely in

much money a girl could make in a night. They took pictures of girls and customers, permitting them, of course, to cover their faces.

But when they asked to whom these women paid money for protection against raids, they got only silence or denials.

It was around this time that Clinton was summoned to the office of Mayor Shaw. What happened there was an incredible bit of burlesque.

It seems that some time earlier a friend of Clinton had shown the little restaurant man a new acquisition—an honorary police badge. Clinton, greatly impressed by it, had expressed the wish that he might have one. He didn't recognize it then for what it was—an empty honor. Badges were being passed out wholesale. They stimulated campaign funds and support in elections. And they were conferred gratis upon men whom the administration wished to impress.

The Shaw administration (but not Chief Davis, who was utterly innocent of badge-selling) peddled those honorary police badges to bookies, bartenders — any one. Eventually 8,000 of them were issued.

Clinton arrived at Mayor Shaw's office to be distinguished by having badge No. 4020 bestowed upon him.

Portly Mayor Shaw was there to greet him solemnly but warmly. And cordial, big-bodied Chief Davis was there, looking quite military in his neat blue uniform, with two marksman medals on his chest.

IT was quite an occasion. Mayor Shaw made a sonorous, imposing speech. When he had finished, Chief Davis pinned the gleaming police badge on Clinton's lapel. Then he stepped back, snapped to attention, saluted. Clinton returned the salute.

Chief Davis gave Honorary Policeman Clinton his instructions: "You will uphold the integrity and high honor of the Police Department. You will assist it in coping with its many problems." He added, slyly, that one of these problems was a growing disrespect on the part of the public (due to a misunderstanding) and assured Clinton that it was now his duty, if he saw any evidence anywhere of law violation, to notify the Police Department at once.

Clinton, standing erect, found himself under such a deluge of praise as would have made any man breathe hard. Both the Mayor and the Chief of Police assured him it was a pleasure to honor so outstanding a citizen.

Today Clifford Clinton chuckles a little as he recalls the incident. But—and it is striking proof of his utter honesty—he has the courage to admit: "You know, even now, knowing that they meant not a word of what they said about me, I still can't help feeling good about the fine things they did say."

He soon discovered that his honorary police badge was quite helpful in obtaining evidence from prosti-

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One J. E. Lambert, employed by a concern which among other wares placed punch boards around the city, and nominal head of a so-called Municipal Improvement Association among whose members were friends of Mayor Shaw, attacked Clinton's qualifications as a grand juror and demanded "investigation" of him on charges of having stolen a safe.

The charges were ludicrous. One day in Oakland, California, eight years before, Clinton and his children had been playing on an old salvaged destroyer on the mud flats. They had innocently removed some rusty worthless articles from the wreck and had been charged with petty theft. In open court those charges had been dismissed.

It was the sort of thing that could happen to any one, and it is interesting that Clinton's enemies should have had to reach back so far for even so flimsy an incident. The significant thing is that any one should have troubled to dig so deep into a man's past for evidence with which to discredit him.

Who had done that digging? And why?

into the matter. It found that the Spy Squad—the quarter-of-a-million-dollar organization that in the three and a half years of its existence had harassed hundreds of persons but had made not one arrest—had its fine hand in this bit of pseudo-scandal.

The man who came to the front with the absurd charges was later rewarded by the Shaw administration with a job as secretary to the Health Commission.

Clinton meanwhile had submitted one motion after another in an effort to prod the grand jury into an investigation of protected vice. He got nowhere.

He talked it over with Bogue, Kelly,



The Shaw regime's police chief James Davis, who pinned a medal on Clinton.

and Ferguson. If the grand jury wouldn't investigate these things, they would. If their investigations produced evidence, the grand jury would be forced to act.

Theoretically, this reasoning was watertight.

First, Clinton had a talk with Judge William Tell Aggeler, who had convened the grand jury. He told him of his plans. Judge Aggeler was alarmed. "Please," he said, "don't fill our courts with a procession of small-time gamblers and prostitutes."

Clinton was about to say he had no such intention when the judge swiveled around in his chair, nodded toward a window through which the City Hall was visible, and added, "But if you can uncover evidence that will lead to the rascals there, you have my blessing."

Clinton, Kelly, Bogue, and Ferguson set out. They visited a place on Washington Boulevard, where a colored maid assured them that the girls would be "right down."

They produced their credentials and their grand jurors' badges—and almost scared the life out of her. They explained they were merely in search of information. They got a lot of that, most o' it only of sociological value. They learned, for example, how

com

But when they asked to whom these women paid money for protection against raids, they got only silence or denials.

It was around this time that Clinton was summoned to the office of Mayor Shaw. What happened there was an incredible bit of burlesque.

It seems that some time earlier a friend of Clinton had shown the little restaurant man a new acquisition—an honorary police badge. Clinton, greatly impressed by it, had expressed the wish that he might have one. He didn't recognize it then for what it was—an empty honor. Badges were being passed out wholesale. They stimulated campaign funds and support in elections. And they were conferred gratis upon men whom the administration wished to impress.

The Shaw administration (but not Chief Davis, who was utterly innocent of badge-selling) peddled those honorary police badges to bookies, bartenders — any one. Eventually 8,000 of them were issued.

Clinton arrived at Mayor Shaw's office to be distinguished by having badge No. 4020 bestowed upon him.

Portly Mayor Shaw was there to greet him solemnly but warmly. And cordial, big-bodied Chief Davis was there, looking quite military in his neat blue uniform, with two marksman medals on his chest.

**I**T was quite an occasion. Mayor Shaw made a sonorous, imposing speech. When he had finished, Chief Davis pinned the gleaming police badge on Clinton's lapel. Then he stepped back, snapped to attention, saluted. Clinton returned the salute.

Chief Davis gave Honorary Policeman Clinton his instructions: "You will uphold the integrity and high honor of the Police Department. You will assist it in coping with its many problems." He added, slyly, that one of these problems was a growing disrespect on the part of the public (due to a misunderstanding) and assured Clinton that it was now his duty, if he saw any evidence anywhere of law violation, to notify the Police Department at once.

Clinton, standing erect, found himself under such a deluge of praise as would have made any man breathe hard. Both the Mayor and the Chief of Police assured him it was a pleasure to honor so outstanding a citizen.

Today Clifford Clinton chuckles a little as he recalls the incident. But and it is striking proof of his utter honesty—he has the courage to admit: "You know, even now, knowing that they meant not a word of what they said about me, I still can't help feeling good about the fine things they did say."

He soon discovered that his honorary police badge was quite helpful in obtaining evidence from prostitutes and gamblers. They probably figured that he was "one of the boys,"

and when he asked, shrewdly, whether everything was all right and whether any one had been there to collect the week's protection money, he often got revealing answers.

He and his three fellow members of the grand-jury minority group piled up evidence of protected vice and gambling, including a picture of a prosperous Los Angeles policeman seated in his car outside a bookmaking office that he ran. A high-school boy furnished a list of one hundred and sixteen bawdyhouses. It was found to be reasonably accurate.

Los Angeles' Negro district yielded some sordid pay dirt. Its boss, a high-ranking police official referred to by its dusky inhabitants as "Sweetie Pie," had converted it into a sort of personal plantation which he ran with the sweetness of Simon Legree. Negro maids going home at night often were picked up by cops and charged with being streetwalkers. Either they paid ten dollars or got cuffed around and tossed into a cell.

CLINTON found no evidence of white slavery. The girls he interviewed were prostitutes voluntarily; they hoped to make enough money to retire and—like any other women—eventually to marry. But they assured him that girls who lived in houses that did not have police protection nearly starved to death. And they were the helpless victims of a maddening small-scale viciousness.

Clinton dumped his evidence of the existence of protected vice into the laps of his fellow grand jurors. Unable to disregard him longer, the grand jury passed a motion to investigate vice and gambling.

It proved a hollow triumph for him. The grand jury promptly shuttled the whole thing to five of its members who constituted the Criminal Complaints Committee. The secretary of that committee was Harry R. Chapman. He was said, in the petition for a writ of mandate, to bear relationship to Bob Gans. And Abe Chapman, allegedly a brother of Harry Chapman, was one of the incorporators of Camoa, the California Amusement Machine Operators Association, which had more than 2,000 marble-game machines then in operation in Los Angeles.

In addition, the petition for the writ charged that two other members of the committee were a man who, since becoming a grand juror, had enjoyed business from the city, and a man who was connected with the city's Water and Power Department, one of whose commissioners later was convicted as a racketeer.

Not until Clinton, waiting hopefully, found that there was to be no action did he unearth these facts.

The machine turned a pro-Shaw press loose on him. He was berated as a dictator, a Red, a bluenose, a long-hair, and as a "one-man grand jury." He was even accused by Mayor

Later, disguised scandal sheets, quoting Scripture, charged that Clinton wanted vice districts to run wide open under city management, and drew hair-raising pictures of white slavers' methods.

Later, too, circulars appeared out of nowhere, blandly asserting that Clinton's cafeterias were sweatshops from which overworked girls fled to the comparative ease of prostitution. Administration scandal sheets then reprinted these anonymous charges.

It is doubtful if on any page of America's political history you can find an instance of more vicious, false, and contemptible harassment of a decent American business man. Even Clinton, who has a spring-steel resiliency, was about ready to admit defeat in that moment. He was getting nowhere. The 1937 mayoralty campaign was under way and the Shaw machine was fighting to keep its greedy snout in the trough for a second term. It had money, and it had the press, a good many business men, and the boys of the "nether regions" behind it. It wanted no complaints about vice or gambling at this moment. And Clinton and his business were suffering from attack.

He talked it over one day with his wife and daughter and two sons. Should he go on fighting? He had been licked at every turn, he faced only a licking in the future, and the costs to all of them might be great.

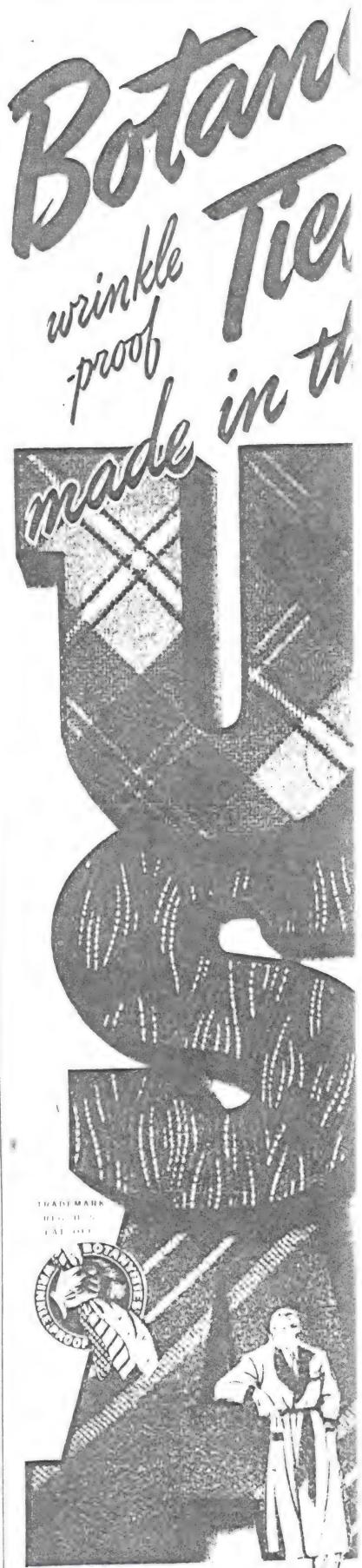
"We decided," he explains today, quietly, "that we could not escape from ourselves. We must live with our own consciences. Our self-respect, our status as decent citizens demanded that we fight. True, we might lose our security, even our lives. We preferred that to losing our self-respect."

And so Clinton fought on, while Mrs. Clinton worked ten hours a day in her husband's cafeteria.

BEFORE his grand-jury experience, his acquaintance County Supervisor John Anson Ford had been opposing Mayor Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw. It had been a pretty dirty re-election campaign on the part of the Shaw machine. The Spy Squad trailed Ford, the Police Department checked his personal history for the years 1911 to 1920, before he had come to Los Angeles. Though they found nothing incriminating, an anonymous letter accusing him of immorality was sent to the County Board.

The wife of a prominent businessman asked Ford to speak at a luncheon of fifty clubwomen. Mayor Shaw's president of the Harbor Commission telephoned her to say that he had heard Ford was to speak, and that she had better cancel the luncheon; he had heard that her husband's ship-chandlering business might suffer harm otherwise. She refused. One of the Shaws called her to give her the same warning. Finally her husband

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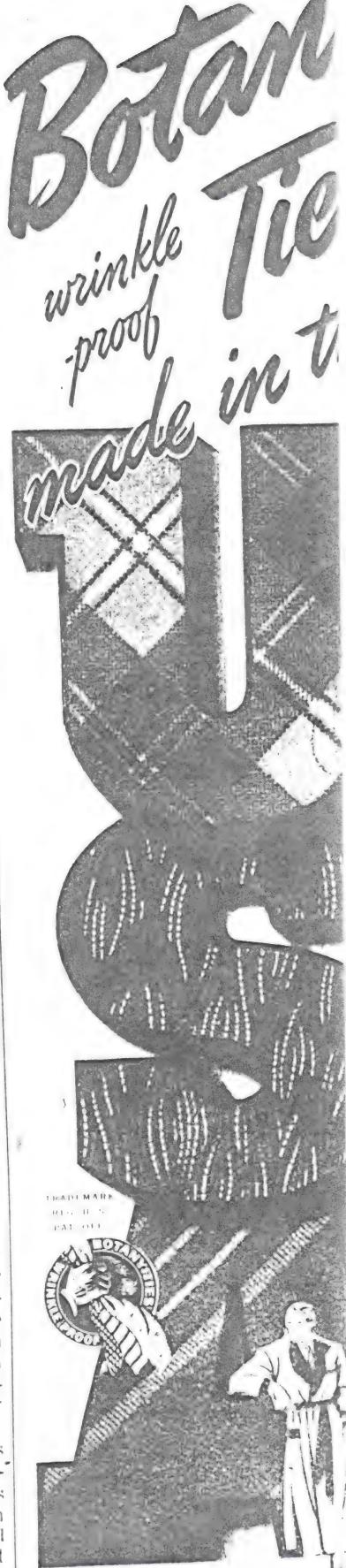
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Then, in the heat of the campaign, arose a more serious matter. A cable came to Los Angeles from a man in France who said he was broke and wanted to come back. He was Dave Clark, the ex-prosecutor who had shot and killed Charlie Crawford and Spencer and had later vanished from his home. This was unpleasant. Suddenly revived was the talk of underworld figures, of gambling. The man in the street was curious. Why had Clark fled to Europe? Where had he been all this time?

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The meeting was held in the German Methodist church. Clinton was elected chairman of the committee. It soon called upon Mayor Shaw. The Mayor, with Chief Davis and Joe Shaw behind him, began to hedge. With some asperity he said:

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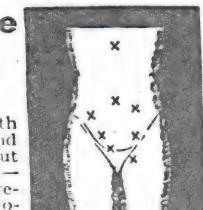
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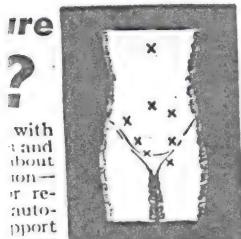
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outside. "What did he mean? What are recall proceedings?"

It was explained to him that in Los Angeles, if one obtains the signatures of 20 per cent of the electors who voted in the last election, and has them certified, then the City Council must call an election within sixty days. The Mayor who is in office must run against whatever candidates are in the field against him. If one of those candidates receives a majority, he replaces the Mayor.

As Clinton listened to all this, his eyes were bright and his face thoughtful, though he said merely, "H'mm!"

Several days after receiving the Mayor's blessing, the committee announced a long-term program of investigation. On the following day the Mayor revoked his authorization and appointed a committee of his own, which was never heard from again.

**B**UT Clinton and his band kept together, called themselves CIVIC (Citizens' Independent Vice Investigating Committee) and offered to finance Mayor Shaw if he wished to investigate as to their motives. All members of CIVIC pledged themselves not to hold public office.

Clinton's immediate concern now was to obtain evidence of collusion between Los Angeles officials and the underworld. It was suggested to him that he hire an attorney, Arthur Brigham Rose. Skeptical and cagey by this time, he first privately checked up on Attorney Rose. What he found out delighted him.

Arthur Brigham Rose was a fighter, adroit, courageous, and no man's fool. He had a worldly-wise viewpoint which was exactly what the citizens who comprised CIVIC most needed. And he knew of all "dirty-getting" tricks of the syndicate and of the Spy Squad.

He welcomed cases that other lawyers considered "too hot to handle." He was a perfect and seasoned guide for Clifford Clinton, who was determined to walk the jungle trails in search of corruption.

Clinton and Rose began to gather evidence and affidavits. Rose was offered \$100,000 to quit. He refused. They told him he could write his own ticket. He said no.

Clinton received and refused an even more amazing offer. He had become interested in a hotel project. To finance it would require an even two million dollars. An unidentified man phoned him one night: "I am prepared to offer you complete financing of that project on your own terms, on the condition that you stick to your business and lay off this CIVIC clean-up campaign."

One of the men from whom Clinton and Rose had obtained an affidavit concerning the colored gambling situation was James Alexander, a small newspaper editor. For signing the affidavit he lost his advertisers and his paper. And then one night a rain of bricks smashed through the windows of his home.

fleeing car. Clinton and Rose checked it. The plates were issued to a car assigned to Kynette's Spy Squad.

Art Simms, a colored man, furnished Clinton, through Rose, with an affidavit revealing vice pay-offs in Los Angeles' Harlem. Simms was arrested on a vagrancy charge, despite the fact that he was a property owner. Held in \$500 bond, he was locked in a cell from which he sent messages to Clinton. These were never received. Nearly a week elapsed before Clinton heard that Simms was in jail.

When he did, he hurried to the jail with Earl Kelly. "Everything will be all right now," they assured Simms in his cell. "Don't worry."

"Here I am," Simms said bitterly. "You tell me not to worry and I been sitting here in jail for a week. I ain't had a shave and my face is swollen. They feed me on beans. I'm sick. I sent out to get you to come down and get me out of here and you never came. Now, today, I got a subpoena to go to the grand jury. I'll tell 'em nothing. Look what they did to me already."

Clinton got the poor Negro out of jail and took him to his own home. The next day, convinced that he had friends after all, Simms told the grand jury the facts as he had set them forth in his affidavit.

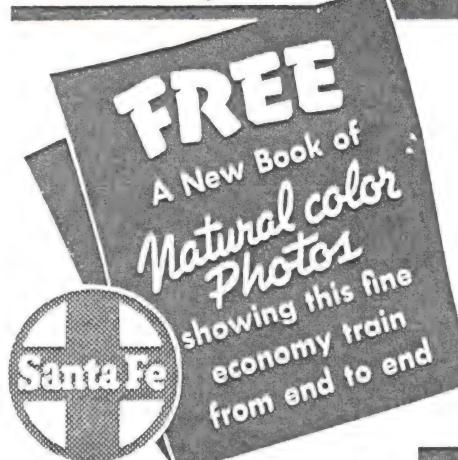
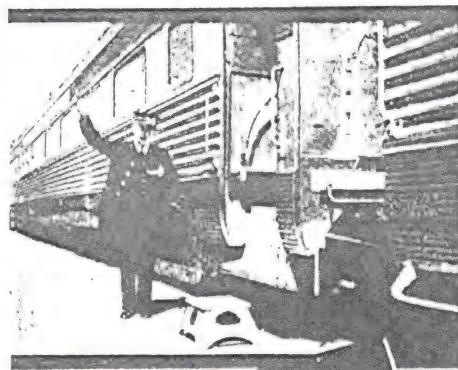
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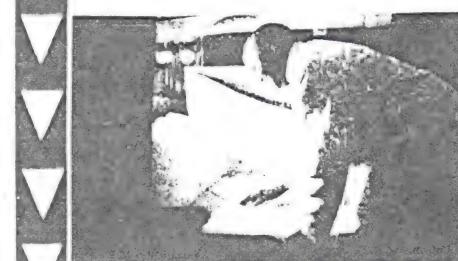
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It was explained to him that in Los Angeles, if one obtains the signatures of 20 per cent of the electors who voted in the last election, and has them certified, then the City Council must call an election within sixty days. The Mayor who is in office must run against whatever candidates are in the field against him. If one of those candidates receives a majority, he replaces the Mayor.

As Clinton listened to all this, his eyes were bright and his face thoughtful, though he said merely, "H'mm!"

Several days after receiving the Mayor's blessing, the committee announced a long-term program of investigation. On the following day the Mayor revoked his authorization and appointed a committee of his own, which was never heard from again.

**B**UT Clinton and his band kept together, called themselves CIVIC (Citizens' Independent Vice Investigating Committee) and offered to finance Mayor Shaw if he wished to investigate as to their motives. All members of CIVIC pledged themselves not to hold public office.

Clinton's immediate concern now was to obtain evidence of collusion between Los Angeles officials and the underworld. It was suggested to him that he hire an attorney, Arthur Brigham Rose. Skeptical and cagey by this time, he first privately checked up on Attorney Rose. What he found out delighted him.

Arthur Brigham Rose was a fighter, adroit, courageous, and no man's fool. He had a worldly-wise viewpoint which was exactly what the citizens who comprised CIVIC most needed. And he knew of all "dirty-getting" tricks of the syndicate and of the Spy Squad.

He welcomed cases that other lawyers considered "too hot to handle." He was a perfect and seasoned guide for Clifford Clinton, who was determined to walk the jungle trails in search of corruption.

Clinton and Rose began to gather evidence and affidavits. Rose was offered \$100,000 to quit. He refused. They told him he could write his own ticket. He said no.

Clinton received and refused an even more amazing offer. He had become interested in a hotel project. To finance it would require an even two million dollars. An unidentified man phoned him one night: "I am prepared to offer you complete financing of that project on your own terms, on the condition that you stick to your business and lay off this CIVIC clean-up campaign."

One of the men from whom Clinton and Rose had obtained an affidavit concerning the colored gambling situation was James Alexander, a small newspaper editor. For signing the affidavit he lost his advertisers and his paper. And then one night a rain of bricks smashed through the windows of his home. He rushed out in time to get the license number of a

assigned to Kynette's Spy Squad.

Art Simms, a colored man, furnished Clinton, through Rose, with an affidavit revealing vice pay-offs in Los Angeles' Harlem. Simms was arrested on a vagrancy charge, despite the fact that he was a property owner. Held in \$500 bond, he was locked in a cell from which he sent messages to Clinton. These were never received. Nearly a week elapsed before Clinton heard that Simms was in jail.

When he did, he hurried to the jail with Earl Kelly. "Everything will be all right now," they assured Simms in his cell. "Don't worry."

"Here I am," Simms said bitterly. "You tell me not to worry and I been sitting here in jail for a week. I ain't had a shave and my face is swollen. They feed me on beans. I'm sick. I sent out to get you to come down and get me out of here and you never came. Now, today, I got a subpoena to go to the grand jury. I'll tell 'em nothing. Look what they did to me already."

Clinton got the poor Negro out of jail and took him to his own home. The next day, convinced that he had friends after all, Simms told the grand jury the facts as he had set them forth in his affidavit.

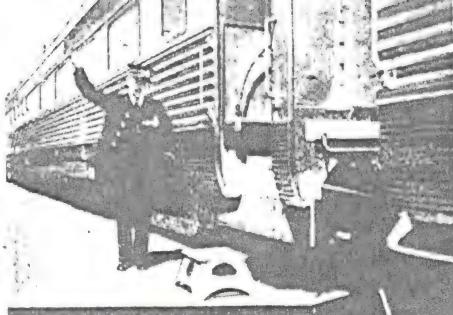
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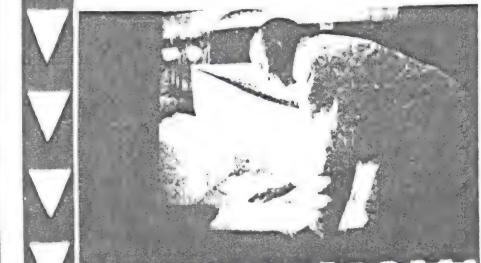
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Attention, grand jury! Do your duty!"

She obtained and broadcast the addresses of illegal establishments in which, it was charged, Guy McAfee had a protective interest.

It was reasonable to expect some sort of dénouement. It came. Rheba Crawford took a trip with her husband to Honolulu. She returned, went on the air and, this time, sang the praises of the Shaw administration.

**WHY?** There is no conclusive evidence available, although there is reason to believe that the Spy Squad tapped her phone wires and put dictographs in her apartment. What happened after that is any one's guess. For some reason, she had a change of heart. Among the many who wondered why was Clifford Clinton.

For what it may be worth, here is the description that Aimée Semple McPherson, in a deposition taken at the time when she was defendant in a slander suit for \$1,080,000 brought against her by Rheba Crawford but settled out of court, without trial, gave of an incident which, she said, had preceded Rheba's trip to Honolulu. The incident, she said, had occurred on the parsonage stairs. She said that Miss Crawford, in the presence of witnesses, had said that her policy (the words are Aimée's) was "to kick everybody in the shins. For instance, she had kicked the governor of the state in the shins until he gave her husband a job. To kick the Police Department in the shins until they would holler for help and give up."

"Give up what?" Aimée was asked.

"Their fight of her, until they holler for help and would come through with a donation to the Temple. She said: 'The underworld pays off in other cities and I do not see why they would not pay off in Los Angeles.' And, in the presence of Miss Jordan and Miss Nordin, Miss Crawford said: 'I will leave for Honolulu and while I am gone I expect representatives for the gamblers to offer you \$130,000, and if they do, take it and split fifty-fifty with me.' I thought she was joking and remarked to Miss Jordan: 'I am sure she must be joking. Miss Crawford does not mean that. Surely you are joking?' And Miss Crawford said: 'I was never more serious in my life. They pay off in other counties, why not here?'

"All of that made me feel bewildered and trepidation of the outcome."

Clifford Clinton was eager to have Rheba Crawford tell her story—whatever it might be—to the 1937 grand jury. He preferred that she appear as a voluntary witness. How to approach her?

Clinton's daughter Jean was a schoolmate and friend of the step-daughter of David Hutton, plump ex-husband of Aimée Semple McPherson. Through that friendship, a meeting was arranged between Clinton

the evening of October 3, 1937. Mrs. Dave Hutton, Jr., was present. Clinton explained that he wanted David Hutton to appeal to Rheba Crawford and ask her to assist him.

"You mean by that," Hutton said, "that she has to come across and—"

"She has to tell the truth and nothing but the truth."

"Names and all?"

"And addresses."

"Well, who is involved?" asked Hutton.

"It involves Joe Shaw. It involves all the other elements—Andy Foley, [Guy] McAfee. It involves the whole picture. . . . Mostly the city administration. . . . It's just a racket from start to finish."

"Who is on top of that? Is Rheba on top?"

"No. Rheba is just a dupe in the whole thing."

"Being used by whom?"

"By Joe Shaw, McAfee."

Mrs. Hutton interposed a question: "You mean Guy McAfee, who runs all those gambling houses?"

Clinton said, "Let me tell you how this . . . Joe Shaw is with the administration. Joe Shaw runs our city. Joe Shaw is the Mayor's brother and Mayor's secretary who watches. Handles the Mayor's—that particular stuff as he does the city government. Most of those things . . . work right out of the Mayor's office."

This was the first time that Clifford Clinton fully showed his hand; the first time he told any one that he completely comprehended the graft set-up in Los Angeles and did not intend to stop until he had reached the Mayor's office and Joe Shaw. The conversation was held between 7.20 and 8 P. M. in a private home at Second and St. Andrews streets. It might as well have been shouted aloud on the steps of City Hall.

For Joe Shaw and his Spy Squad had learned that Clinton was to confer with Dave Hutton. And—with the knowledge of any of those in the house—they had secretly installed a dictograph recording outfit, under the leadership of Captain Kynette.

**E**VERY word of that conversation was recorded. It was transcribed into a confidential report, listed among the Spy Squad records as "File E-7 and D-6."

The Spy Squad knew Clifford Clinton's objective now. Every day he was becoming more dangerous. The situation called for more drastic measures, sterner warning.

It came, one midnight later in the month. A bomb rocked Clinton's home.

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# THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES



Dramatic, sinister, heart-warming! A saga of crime and courageous men

BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

It was soon apparent that the 1937 grand jury was leaking information about Clifford Clinton's moves for a clean-up. A trumpery charge of theft was aired against him; Joe Shaw's Spy Squad proved to have had a hand in it. Since the grand jury as a whole was immovable, Clinton and three fellow members went ahead and looked into organized graft. An honorary police badge, sardonically pinned on him by Mayor Shaw and Chief Davis, proved useful in getting prostitutes and gamblers to talk. At last he had so much evidence that the grand jury did move to investigate. But its Criminal Complaints Committee did nothing, and he learned that some of the committeemen were possibly affiliated with the very powers and interests he was fighting.

Mayor Shaw had rashly offered "any sincere committee" of citizens authority to make an investigation. At Clinton's instance, such a committee was formed. The Mayor hedged, but Clinton, as chairman, got the authorization out of him. Chief Davis babbled about recall proceedings—the mistake of his life, since Clinton had never heard of them. When the Mayor revoked his authorization, the committee, known as CIVIC, kept right on. With the help of an able lawyer, Arthur Brigham Rose, Clinton gathered important affidavits. Both men refused big offers to desist.

Some time before, Rhea Crawford, who was then assistant pastor of the Angelus-Temple, had denounced the Spy Squad on the air. After a trip to Honolulu, she had changed her

tune to praise of the Shaw administration. Clinton wondered why, and hoped to get her to tell the grand jury. As an approach to her, he called on David Hutton, Aimée Semple McPherson's former husband, and—for the first time—disclosed his full knowledge of the graft set-up and his plans concerning those involved in it. No one present knew that the Spy Squad had a dictograph installed in Hutton's house. One night later in the month a bomb rocked Clinton's home.

## PART FIVE—THE FIGHT . . AND THE STAKES

CLIFFORD CLINTON was not at home when the bomb, which shook the neighborhood, wrecked the back part of his house on Los Feliz Boulevard. By a strange coincidence, he was making a tour of houses of prostitution. His wife and children were at home but in upstairs bedrooms. No one was injured. A neighbor saw a green car racing from the scene immediately after the explosion.

Clinton reached his home shortly afterward. Within two hours his phone rang. An unidentified voice said:

"Well, what do you think of that little puff-puff we gave you? Next time we'll lift the whole house."

Friday nights became unlucky. Windows were smashed, acid sprayed, shops stink-bombed.

To cap the incident, Clinton himself was blamed publicly for setting off the bomb as a "publicity stunt." This insinuation was made by an ex-employee of his, who added that he had "lost confidence" in Clinton and had left him because he "found him to be insincere." Clinton said he had fired the man.

Around this same time a member of CIVIC revealed to Clinton that he had received indirectly, through a client, an offer from a Los Angeles gambling czar of \$1,000 a week to desert CIVIC and publicly say the same things—that he, too, had "lost confidence" in Clinton and had abandoned him because he found him "insincere."

The public cannot be duped forever. In Los Angeles, now, it began to wonder about the courageous little restaurant man who, despite vilification, intimidation, and danger to his and his family's lives, kept on charging that Los Angeles was viciously and subtly corrupt.

A speaker at a public dinner put it dryly. "Clifford Clinton," he observed, "may not have any evidence to place before the grand jury, but the grand jury is certainly doing its best not to hear it."

Conscious of this trend of public opinion, the grand jury at last capitulated. It authorized Clinton to bring

his witnesses before it. And Clinton by now had impressive evidence. He brought before his fellow grand jurors a man who had once been associated with Charlie Crawford and who later had supplied Rhea Crawford with lists of gambling and vice joints run by the underworld czars who had succeeded Crawford. He told of an amazing tie between such czars and the Shaw administration, and Clinton offered to back that story with documentary evidence.

At the end of that first day of thunderous revelations, the man Clinton had brought before the grand jury was publicly ridiculed and assailed both by the representative of District Attorney Fitts' office who sat as adviser to the grand jury, and by the grand jury's foreman, John E. Bauer. The man, it was charged, was unbalanced, his testimony inadmissible.

CLINTON held his peace. He had more—much more—evidence to present. He intended to bring before the grand jury Andy Foley, a man whose name was freely bandied about in gambling circles and who was, reputedly, a close associate of Guy McAfee.

A deputy sheriff had been instructed to serve a subpoena on Rhea Crawford. He came back to report that he had been unable to find her. Clinton found her himself and served the subpoena.

His goal was clear enough now. He expected to establish a direct link between the gamblers and Joe Shaw, the Mayor's brother.

They stopped him. On the day Rhea Crawford and Andy Foley were to appear before the grand jury, they failed to do so. Their appearance, it seems, would have been futile in any event, for on that same day the grand jury refused to hear any more of Clinton's evidence.

One of the grand jurors, backed by five deputy district attorneys, said that Clinton was "trying to smear public officials and should himself be investigated."

Clinton carried the fight to court and produced some interesting affidavits. They charged that one of the grand jurors was related, through marriage, to Bob Gans, Los Angeles former "slot-machine king"; that another was the wife of an auditor employed by Gans; that a third, since becoming a grand juror, had received business from the city; that a fourth was connected with a city department; that a fifth had been a collector of campaign funds from the gambling interests during a previous administration.

Clinton presented, too, an affidavit which charged that the foreman of the grand jury, John E. Bauer, who was in the paint business, had—since the inception of the Shaw regime—received city contracts for paint totaling \$25,000 a year, even though another firm had underbid Bauer by twenty-three cents a gallon.

perior Court, before whom Clinton brought his fight, ruled that he was powerless to force the grand jury to hear Clinton's witnesses, but said that the grand jurors who, Clinton charged, were disqualified, either should answer those charges or, in his opinion, get off the grand jury.

Instead, they fought back. The man who had made the affidavit against Foreman Bauer was indicted for perjury and thrown into jail. Bauer was one of those who voted on his indictment. The perjury charge

gambler—a campaign peace offering given on the condition that this gambler be permitted to operate without interference. The affidavit also hinted that this grand juror himself had plans for the opening of a gambling or bawdy house in the Central Avenue district.

It precipitated a scene in the grand-jury chambers. Taylor cursed Clinton and stormed at him: "If you bring this out into the open, I'll get you, if it's the last thing I do!"

A few days later Taylor died of a stroke. The majority of the grand jury, unaware then of what the quarrel had been about, openly accused Clinton, through a spokesman, of Taylor's "murder." For days after, Clinton saw in their eyes only withering contempt. He did not attempt to defend himself by laying the whole unsavory evidence of the dead man's deeds before them. But he found it an emotionally upsetting experience.

The rest of the term of the 1937 grand jury was devoted to an "investigation" of Clinton. The final report of that eminent body heaped further public abuse on him in a paragraph that read, verbatim:

"We ask for men of integrity and good reputation to give their services to us as a public and then seem to take a cannibalistic delight in tearing their good names to shreds to satiate the demands of a small group of sadistic politically-minded, hypocritical, self-styled crusaders."



Clifford E. Clinton, a good citizen who never knew when he was licked.

was tried, a jury disagreed, and the case later was dismissed.

But the oath of a grand juror requires that he shall not sit in judgment upon any man if he, the grand juror, has a personal interest in the case. Bauer had done that. He was convicted of contempt of court and fined \$100.

The man who originally had made the affidavit charging that Bauer had received business from the city, had sworn to it before a notary public, A. P. Angelillo by name. Angelillo was visited one night by Foreman Bauer, District Attorney Buron Fitts, and U. U. Blalock, the deputy assigned out of Fitts' office to the 1937 grand jury and others. At Angelillo's home there was a violent quarrel. A number of persons were hit by "divers instruments," and the notary—who had been merely an innocent bystander in Clinton's fight with the grand jury—went to the hospital.

In those stormy days Los Angeles saw the unique spectacle of a grand jury dropping its work to turn to an "investigation" of Clifford Clinton, Harry Ferguson, Earl Kelly, and John Bogue, its stubborn minority members.

Clinton had obtained an affidavit which charged that one of his fellow

THE majority report of the 1937 grand jury asserted that Los Angeles was truly the "white spot" Mayor Shaw claimed it to be, and said the jury had received no evidence of official corruption.

Clinton and his minority fellows submitted a report of their own. Judge Aggeler was dead. Another judge refused to accept the report. A third judge, Fletcher Bowron, did accept it.

In that report Clinton charged that local government was being harmfully influenced by an underworld political machine. He named some of the *dramatis personae* of the "Los Angeles racket drama." The names included those of Guy McAfee, Bob Gans, Sam Temple, Andy Foley, and a host of others.

Now, some one had to be wrong. Either the Shaw administration was clean and Clinton its traducer, or the Shaw machine was rotten and Clinton was a prophet without honor in his own county. Let's look at the facts:

These articles have stated that the Shaw administration and the underworld in Los Angeles County had a "take" of fifty million dollars a year. That figure was chosen arbitrarily but conservatively. Estimates are difficult, but the Better Business Bureau later was to set the figure for all rackets and schemes at four times that amount—\$200,000,000.

The manner in which crooked offi-

brought before his fellow grand jurors a man who had once been associated with Charlie Crawford and who later had supplied Rheba Crawford with lists of gambling and vice joints run by the underworld czars who had succeeded Crawford. He told of an amazing tie between such czars and the Shaw administration, and Clinton offered to back that story with documentary evidence.

At the end of that first day of thunderous revelations, the man Clinton had brought before the grand jury was publicly ridiculed and assailed both by the representative of District Attorney Fitts' office who sat as adviser to the grand jury, and by the grand jury's foreman, John E. Bauer. The man, it was charged, was unbalanced, his testimony inadmissible.

C LINTON held his peace. He had more—much more—evidence to present. He intended to bring before the grand jury Andy Foley, a man whose name was freely bandied about in gambling circles and who was, reputedly, a close associate of Guy McAfee.

A deputy sheriff had been instructed to serve a subpoena on Rheba Crawford. He came back to report that he had been unable to find her. Clinton found her himself and served the subpoena.

His goal was clear enough now. He expected to establish a direct link between the gamblers and Joe Shaw, the Mayor's brother.

They stopped him. On the day Rheba Crawford and Andy Foley were to appear before the grand jury, they failed to do so. Their appearance, it seems, would have been futile in any event, for on that same day the grand jury refused to hear any more of Clinton's evidence.

One of the grand jurors, backed by five deputy district attorneys, said that Clinton was "trying to smear public officials and should himself be investigated."

Clinton carried the fight to court and produced some interesting affidavits. They charged that one of the grand jurors was related, through marriage, to Bob Gans, Los Angeles former "slot-machine king"; that another was the wife of an auditor employed by Gans; that a third, since becoming a grand juror, had received business from the city; that a fourth was connected with a city department; that a fifth had been a collector of campaign funds from the gambling interests during a previous administration.

Clinton presented, too, an affidavit which charged that the foreman of the grand jury, John E. Bauer, who was in the paint business, had—since the inception of the Shaw regime—received city contracts for paint totaling \$25,000 a year, even though another firm had underbid Bauer by twenty-three cents a gallon.

Judge Emmett E. Wilson of Su-

pepower to force the grand jury to hear Clinton's witnesses, but said that the grand jurors who, Clinton charged, were disqualified, either should answer those charges or, in his opinion, get off the grand jury.

Instead, they fought back. The man who had made the affidavit against Foreman Bauer was indicted for perjury and thrown into jail. Bauer was one of those who voted on his indictment. The perjury charge

was dropped. The affidavit also hinted that this grand juror himself had plans for the opening of a gambling or bawdy house in the Central Avenue district.

It precipitated a scene in the grand-jury chambers. Taylor cursed Clinton and stormed at him: "If you bring this out into the open, I'll get you, if it's the last thing I do!"

A few days later Taylor died of a stroke. The majority of the grand jury, unaware then of what the quarrel had been about, openly accused Clinton, through a spokesman, of Taylor's "murder." For days after, Clinton saw in their eyes only withering contempt. He did not attempt to defend himself by laying the whole unsavory evidence of the dead man's deeds before them. But he found it an emotionally upsetting experience.

The rest of the term of the 1937 grand jury was devoted to an "investigation" of Clinton. The final report of that eminent body heaped further public abuse on him in a paragraph that read, verbatim:

"We ask for men of integrity and good reputation to give their services to us as a public and then seem to take a cannibalistic delight in tearing their good names to shreds to satiate the demands of a small group of sadistic politically-minded, hypocritical, self-styled crusaders."



Clifford E. Clinton, a good citizen who never knew when he was licked.

was tried, a jury disagreed, and the case later was dismissed.

But the oath of a grand juror requires that he shall not sit in judgment upon any man if he, the grand juror, has a personal interest in the case. Bauer had done that. He was convicted of contempt of court and fined \$100.

The man who originally had made the affidavit charging that Bauer had received business from the city, had sworn to it before a notary public, A. P. Angelillo by name. Angelillo was visited one night by Foreman Bauer, District Attorney Buron Fitts, and U. U. Blalock, the deputy assigned out of Fitts' office to the 1937 grand jury and others. At Angelillo's home there was a violent quarrel. A number of persons were hit by "divers instruments," and the notary—who had been merely an innocent bystander in Clinton's fight with the grand jury—went to the hospital.

In those stormy days Los Angeles saw the unique spectacle of a grand jury dropping its work to turn to an "investigation" of Clifford Clinton, Harry Ferguson, Earl Kelly, and John Bogue, its stubborn minority members.

Clinton had obtained an affidavit which charged that one of his fellow grand jurors, W. Arthur Taylor, had received \$2,300 from a Los Angeles

THE majority report of the 1937 grand jury asserted that Los Angeles was truly the "white spot" Mayor Shaw claimed it to be, and said the jury had received no evidence of official corruption.

Clinton and his minority fellows submitted a report of their own. Judge Aggeler was dead. Another judge refused to accept the report. A third judge, Fletcher Bowron, did accept it.

In that report Clinton charged that local government was being harmfully influenced by an underworld political machine. He named some of the *dramatis personae* of the "Los Angeles racket drama." The names included those of Guy McAfee, Bob Gans, Sam Temple, Andy Foley, and a host of others.

Now, some one had to be wrong. Either the Shaw administration was clean and Clinton its traducer, or the Shaw machine was rotten and Clinton was a prophet without honor in his own county. Let's look at the facts:

These articles have stated that the Shaw administration and the underworld in Los Angeles County had a "take" of fifty million dollars a year. That figure was chosen arbitrarily but conservatively. Estimates are difficult, but the Better Business Bureau later was to set the figure for all rackets and schemes at four times that amount—\$200,000,000.

The manner in which crooked officials, playing with a sinister underworld or acting on their own account,

went in quest of big money deserves a bit of illustration.

In 1926, seven years before the Shaw administration climbed into the saddle, a group of politicians, labor leaders, and operators of wholesale dry-cleaning plants attempted to build a racket whereby to raise—and keep fixed—the prices charged for cleaning, pressing, and dyeing the clothing of Los Angeles citizens.

Intent upon running their racket efficiently, the little group was reported to have sent representatives to Chicago to talk with notorious "Bugs" Moran and to obtain formulas for the chemicals used by Chicago mobsters in the racket there.

The Los Angeles clique, over a period of some ten years, had only partial success. But it added up to a turbulent time. Late in 1931 the watchman of a "hold-out" cleaning establishment was killed when his employer's plant was bombed.

In 1935-36, when this and other labor troubles were rife in Los Angeles, Mayor Shaw appointed Alfred Lushing, a Polish Jew (born Alfred Lushinski), on a committee to attempt mitigation of Los Angeles' labor troubles.

Lushing had come to Los Angeles in 1924 and had opened the Greater Broadway Furniture Company on South Broadway, only a block from Shaw's home. Through this neighborly association, they became friends. When Shaw became mayor, he appointed Alfred Lushing a commissioner on the Water and Power Commission which controls Los Angeles' \$380,000,000 municipally owned water plant.

Then he appointed him to try to mediate the city's labor difficulties. Through this latter appointment, Lushing came into direct contact with those who were running the cleaning-and-dyeing racket.

There were about 2,000 retail dry-cleaning stores operating in Los Angeles. Each one handled an average of 150 units of work—that is, garments—a week. That makes a total of 300,000 units of work a week. These retail stores did not do the cleaning but sent it to one or another of a group of wholesale plants.

The wholesale plants charged a certain price to the retail-shop owner, who added his own profit. Thus the price was fixed.

Now, suppose the wholesale plant upped its price by twenty-five cents (meaning from fifty to seventy-five cents to the individual customer), and suppose an association of those wholesalers controlled the cleaning done in Los Angeles. With or without a pencil, you can see—as Alfred Lushing saw—that it meant a neat profit of \$75,000 a week. Figure fifty working weeks to the year, and the annual profit would be \$3,750,000.

Divide that among ten or twelve men, and you have what is known as a racket.

The racketeering plant owners and

## 3 brickbats and 1 bouquet from last Christmas



**BIG ED DEXTER'S** 1938 gift shirts shrank to his little boy's size in one wash. "Gosh," said Ed, "why don't people give me Sansforized Arrows?" The fabric of Arrow Shirts won't shrink even 1%!



**LITTLE TED GARRETT** sighed, "This shirt my sister sent fits my torso like a tent. Oh, Christmas, how I could use some Arrows!" Arrow Shirts are *Mitoga cut*, shaped the way a man is built.



**"ALL A LAUNDRESS** has to do is touch this shirt and buttons come off!" roared Bob Wilson. Obviously Mrs. Wilson didn't give Arrows, whose patented button-stay anchors buttons on!



**"SWELL!"** said Ken Jones about the Arrow Dart Shirts he got. Darl's Arrow collar looks starched without starch and wears miraculously! (\$2.25.) For a dandy gift give any Arrow Shirt, \$2, up.

# ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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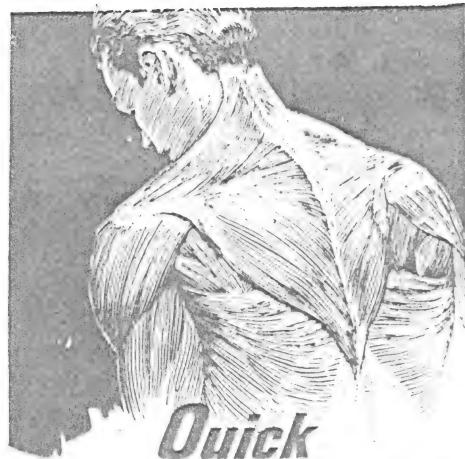


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*Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit*



## Quick RELIEF for SORE MUSCLES!

**Help drive out those FATIGUE  
ACIDS with Absorbine Jr.**

After unaccustomed exercise, waste products called fatigue acids settle in your muscles. This makes them swell inside the muscle sheath, causing those aches and pains. For prompt relief, rub on Absorbine Jr. thoroughly over the affected parts three or four times a day. Accepted laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. speeds the blood through the tissues, helping to drive out those acids. Aching eases—swelling goes down. Use Absorbine Jr. every time you exercise. Millions of people like Absorbine Jr. because it is

- 1. QUICK ACTING      3. PLEASANT
- 2. QUICK DRYING      4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists. \$1.25 a bottle.

Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 360 F. Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

## ABSORBINE JR.

FAMOUS also for Relieving Athlete's Foot,  
Strains, Bruises

WHERE WINTER PROTECTION  
**MUST NOT FAIL...**

"Prestone" brand anti-freeze gets the job! It's used on airplane carriers...in anti-aircraft guns...in railroad signals, and in more cars than any other brand of anti-freeze. One filling lasts all winter!

(SEE PAGES 22 AND 27)

formed a new "association." Lushing, prominent and respected by virtue of his place on the Water and Power Commission, became "co-ordinator" for the cleaners-and-dyers' racket at a salary of \$500 a month. Meanwhile he also drew his pay from the Shaw administration.

He became a front man, useful and powerful, for the racketeering association. It began to work on retail cleaners who refused to up their prices. Thugs would drive past a hold-out establishment, smash its window with a stone from a slingshot, and then hurl in a chemical so strong that the owner of the store, to get rid of the stench, would have to rip out floorboards and molding and, often, plaster walls.

Friday nights became unlucky in Los Angeles. On those nights the biggest numbers of garments were hung up in retail cleaning shops. And on those nights windows were smashed, acid sprayed on the public's clothes, shops stink-bombed, and general hell raised.

Alfred Lushing's "association" kept a number of thugs off the relief rolls. His chauffeur was a man named Max Yedwalski, said to have seen service in Chicago with Al Capone. It is only fair to add that Yedwalski—of whom more later—denied this.

When acid, stink bombs, window smashings, and threats of personal violence failed, Lushing walked into shops, introduced himself, and told the shop owners that they had better raise their prices to the "association" figure, and if they were stubborn he organized strikes and sent out pickets. He even sent out a state fire marshal to make inspections of "hold-out" shops.

ALL of this was done on the usual pretense of helping the worker. Shortly after Lushing became "co-ordinator," he actually went to Seattle and conferred with that

town's labor czar—Dave Beck, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor's Teamsters' Union—concerning the type of contract Beck's union then employed.

Lushing's "association" forced the Los Angeles dyeing-and-cleaning shops to sign a contract. But his contract did not materially benefit the workers, while he and the "association" members split up a \$3,750,000 jack pot. Later they were convicted of being racketeers. Lushing has appealed his case.

So much for one of the key men in the Shaw administration. Let's look at the mayor's brother, Joseph.

All sorts of "legitimate graft" were at hand when the Shaw gang stepped into office. For eighteen years the taxpayers of Los Angeles had supported a \$1,500,000 traffic-light monopoly whereby they paid almost double the New York price for their traffic lights, and the cost of installation was charged to the city as an additional item. Los Angeles' traffic lights, with their tinkling bells and waving semaphores, were bought to the exclusion of all competitive types as the "only guaranteed safeguard against color-blind drivers."

If you were a fair-haired boy of the Shaw administration, you could purchase an "indigent" railway ticket through a clerk in the County Charities Department for half price. They were one-way tickets, intended by the department to furnish the poor with cheap transportation to their homes; so, having arrived at your destination, it would be necessary for you to notify the clerk—a friend of Shaw administration officials—that you wanted to come home. He would wire you your cut-rate fare, stamped "County Charities Department."

The clerk sold huge blocks of these tickets, they were charged against the county, and the racket came to light only when the clerk and some of his funds vanished.

If you were driving in Los Angeles during the Shaw regime and had an accident, almost before you could get out to inspect the damage a tow car would arrive to haul your car away to a garage. The repair charge would be a little steep. The garage might well be one in which the Shaw administration or members of its Police Department had a financial interest.

If you wanted to erect a business structure in the Wilshire or Hollywood district, you had to hire certain contractors if you expected approval of your application for re-zoning. These contractors charged as much as \$5,000 more than others for the job of putting up your building.

And so it went. Some of these rackets were handed down from previous administrations and maintained or perfected during the Shaw regime. But it was under the watchful gray eyes of Joe Shaw that corruption really reached a new high. Joe put men who would be useful to



Link them together  
in your nostrils!

IT'S easy to get quick relief from stuffy nostrils with Mentholatum. This soothing ointment reduces the local congestion, thus helping to clear the breathing passages. Mentholatum also checks sniffling, sneezing, soreness due to colds. It soothes irritated membranes and promotes healing. And its vapors



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gold mine of graft, while its Health Department was infested with questionable appointees. Thugs were made Health Department inspectors. Their only qualification was a knack with their fists.

Eloï Amar, Mayor Shaw's president of Los Angeles' \$50,000,000 Harbor Commission, was convicted when one of his properties was found to be housing a gambling joint. He complained during his trial, "Hundreds of such places exist. I can't see why I am singled out."

Over the entrance of Joe Shaw's office (the Corner Pocket) in City Hall appeared the quotation: "He that Violates His Oath Profanes the Divinity of Faith Itself." Joe began to give "Faith" an awful kicking around. He saw that to build a machine he must control a supposedly sacred branch of the city's government, the Civil Service Commission. He did so. Thereby he could reward with juicy promotions those loyal chiselers who worked with the Shaw machine. He could peddle—for a fat personal profit—treasured positions in the city's Fire and Police departments. He could even transfer good men from positions of responsibility and replace them with men of his own choice. He shook up the Fire Department and transferred twenty high-ranking men.

The general manager and chief examiner for the Civil Service Commission when the Shaws came into power was a man named Glenn G. Gravatt. About six months after the Shaw machine took over, Gravatt was summoned to the secretarial office of Joe Shaw, who said to him:

"We've got a few friends who helped us in the campaign. I'd like to see them taken care of, placed high on the examination lists. What can be done about them?"

Gravatt didn't think anything could be.

"You'll do as I say," Joe Shaw told him, "or I'll kick you out of here."

"Well," conceded Gravatt, "it might be possible to make changes in the oral examination grades."

JOE SHAW nodded. He handed him a list of names of administration favorites. One of them later appeared before a Civil Service examiner. Here is the oral examination this man took:

"Where did you go on your vacation?"

"Up in the Sierras."

"How was the fishing up there?"

"Fine."

"That's all!"

The man received a grade of 100 on this examination.

Even with such easy sailing, many of Joe Shaw's favorites had trouble. They passed their oral exams with flying colors but flunked their written tests. So Joe Shaw next supplied them with advance copies of the Civil Service answers. Even then they flunked. In many cases he finally had to order



## The "Leader" both Dad and Son Cheer

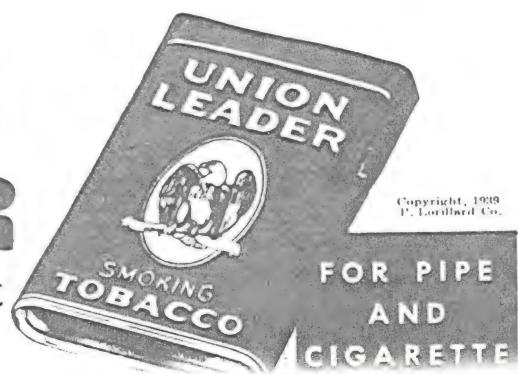
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON! You see it everywhere—a young fellow rolling cigarettes from the same big red tin of Union Leader that his Dad fills a pipe from!

Dad's choice of Union Leader is based on 30 years of smoking, looking for just what Union Leader gives a man! The deep full flavor of hilltop Kentucky Burley!

The heart-warming mellowness that does much to earn a smoker's life-long friendship!

Son chooses Union Leader because long-aging makes it extra mild and free from bite. And the way it's cut means perfect cigarettes. Try Union Leader yourself and see how much smoking pleasure a dime can really buy!

UNION  
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10¢



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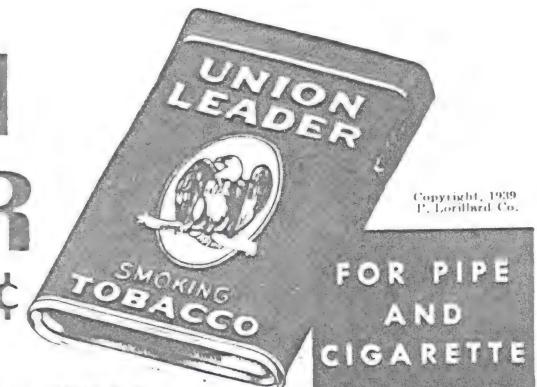
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LEADER  
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THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



Sometimes, in order to make the favored candidate come out in the exact position on the Civil Service list that had been ordered by Joe Shaw, the grades of other men—grades honestly achieved—were deliberately lowered.

Joe Shaw ordered Gravatt to take orders, in his absence, from William H. Cormack, who had been appointed president of the Civil Service Commission when the Shaws had come into power. A well liked, goodhearted fellow, Cormack was later to be the victim of a blind loyalty to crafty Joe Shaw. He, too, was to be convicted; he has since appealed his case.

One of the men who had worked for Mayor Frank L. Shaw during his 1933 campaign was Max Yedwalski. He was rewarded with a \$125-a-month job as a "grease monkey" in the Water and Power Department garage.

Alfred Lushing became Yedwalski's patron saint. Yedwalski became Lushing's chauffeur and bodyguard. One day Commissioner Lushing walked into Civil Service Examiner Gravatt's office. He said Max had taken the examination for the post of an inspector with the city Health Department. And Max had got a bare passing mark of 77. Couldn't that grade be raised?

Gravatt said he had no power to act. The next day Joe Shaw came to him and ordered Max Yedwalski's examination mark improved. Still later Gravatt's boss, Cormack, appeared.

"The Mayor's office is interested in this," he told Gravatt. "This fellow is a strong-arm man for Lushing and if any one wants any murders committed he will commit them. He'll beat up a man or commit burglary or anything else. He's the right man for those things."

Such talents though Yedwalski may not really have had them were not to be slighted under the Shaw administration. Yedwalski's examination mark was raised to a scholarly 90.3. He became an inspector for the city Health Department. This same Yedwalski came to Clinton offering "co-operation" and seeking to ingratiate himself.

**W**HEN, in 1937, Mayor Shaw ran for re-election, his brother Joe's grip on the Civil Service Commission was of great help. Campaign funds poured in, contributions from firemen who, in return, were privileged to have a look beforehand at the correct answers when they took examinations for more lucrative berths.

The "F. L. S. Club" was formed. The initials stood for "Friendship, Loyalty, Service." They also stood for "Frank L. Shaw." The club was organized by a Fire Department battalion chief who later admitted that he turned over to Joe Shaw \$5,000 collected in contributions ranging from ten to twenty-five dollars.

In this huge job sale under the thumb of Joe Shaw, hundreds of jobs and promotions were sold for cash

that later was estimated to total half a million dollars. Later, when Joe Shaw was haled before a grand jury, his stock answer to questions about these irregularities was: "I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might incriminate me."

Amen, brother!

For Joe Shaw had not been above doing a little personal peddling of city jobs, it appears. Evidence the grand jury later acquired indicated that one night he had gone out for a drive with a former policeman who had been kicked off the force for conduct unbecoming an officer.

Driving the car was a close friend of the Shaws, Police Lieutenant Peter Del Gado, who, it was charged, was a go-between for Joe Shaw when there were jobs or promotions for sale in the Police Department. Joe Shaw and the fired policeman talked while Del Gado drove.

After that talk the policeman was reinstated.

Del Gado later was indicted by a grand jury, put up \$15,000 bail, skipped bond, left behind fifteen \$1,000 bills to reimburse his bondsman, and fled to Mexico where, rumor has it, he negotiated for purchase of an \$80,000 ranch. That certainly is a lot of money for a man to save on a cop's salary.

According to his application in the Police Department files, Del Gado was once the chauffeur of William Gibbs McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury. He became a

## GET "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE AND FORGET...

TRADE-MARK

**FUMES**



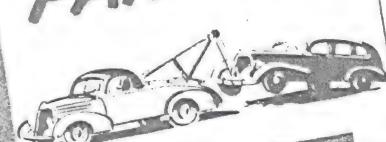
"PRESTONE" brand anti-freeze gives off no dangerous fumes. You never know it's in your car. Absolutely odorless.

**FIRE**



"PRESTONE" anti-freeze presents no fire hazard to worry you. Unlike anti-freezes that are made with alcohol, it will NOT ignite.

**FAILURE**



**ONE FILLING** of "Prestone" anti-freeze gives complete protection all winter long. There's no replacing...no wondering if you're safe. *You are!*

"PRESTONE" anti-freeze is the world's largest selling brand of winter protection because it is the world's finest. Guaranteed in writing. See your dealer today.

# "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

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PER QUARTER



motorcycle cop in Venice, California, which shortly thereafter was absorbed by the City of Los Angeles. He became a member of the Los Angeles Police Department automatically and, when the Shaw gang came into power, he rose to heights perhaps rivaled only by those fortunate enough to have started their careers on the Vice Squad.

This, then, was Los Angeles in the years of Our Lord 1933 to 1937—a fantastic land of golden opportunity in which the underworld raked toward its vest the blue chips of gambling and prostitution while the Mayor's brother, boss of an administration supported by that underworld, figuratively stood on the steps of City Hall auctioning off everything but his own underpants.

And if you didn't like it, he had a Spy Squad, headed by Captain Kynette, that would kick your teeth in.

For attempting to call attention to this situation, Clifford E. Clinton had been pushed around as no other decent citizen in the annals of modern times. His own grand jury had repudiated him and the end of 1937 found him—licked. The columns of most of the city's newspapers were closed to him except for ridicule. He no longer had any official position. Almost any other man would have gone back to whatever he had been doing before he got caught in the civic maelstrom.

Not Clinton! He bought radio time and went on the air four times daily. All the evidence that he and his fel-

low CIVIC members could dig up he now brought directly to the public.

The public just listened, wondered, and went on about its business. . . . And there you have the simple secret of the success of every baby-kissing crook in public office in America today. We don't shock easily. We resent any implication that we may be dupes.

Clinton continued to blast away. And more than one Los Angeles citizen muttered, "That crank!" and twisted the dial of his radio to some crooner.

And then it happened!

The incident that was to lay bare, in one tremendous explosion, the whole festering mass of corruption; that was to substantiate all the charges made by Clinton, charges which his enemies had called malicious gossip.

It happened on the morning of January 14, 1938. But the seeds of it had been sown some time before.

When Frank Shaw was running for mayor, one of his friends and stanchest supporters was a man named Harry Munson who—later testimony charged—collected "fistfuls" of \$100 bills for Shaw's campaign from the gambling czars, Guy McAfee and Bob Gans. Later Munson was rewarded with the post of a police commissioner.

A man named Ralph Gray, a resident of Los Angeles for thirty years and a realtor, claimed later that he had been hired by Munson as a Shaw

campaign worker and that Munson had promised to pay him \$2,990 for his work. Munson, it seemed, had never paid him. A friend of Gray had offered to help him collect that debt. The friend was Harry Raymond who, you may recall, was one of the Vice Squad officers who had gone along—innocently, his friends claimed—on the Councilman Jacobson "raid."

Harry Raymond was a shrewd and capable detective. He knew the Police Department of Los Angeles up and down from personal experience; and he knew the politico-criminal set-up from personal investigation. He had nerve and ability. He had starred in the arrest and conviction of three men, years before, who had planned to kidnap Mary Pickford; he was the man who rode in the decoy car in an attempt to capture William Edward Hickman, brutal murderer of little Marion Parker. Since leaving the Los Angeles Police Department he had held a variety of positions, including that of Chief of Police in one California town.

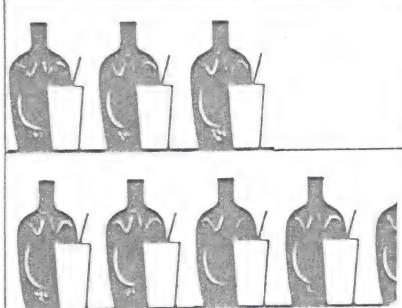
Gray and Raymond had gone, with their case against Munson, to a lawyer. He had rejected it as a politically hot potato, and Gray and Raymond had eventually wound up in the office of Arthur Brigham Rose, Clinton's attorney. Rose had taken it.

It was Gray and Raymond, in fact, who had suggested to Clinton that Rose might be a good lawyer to help him. Because of the fact that Rose was working for all three men, an im-

# OLD DRUM SCORING SENSATIONAL SUCCESS



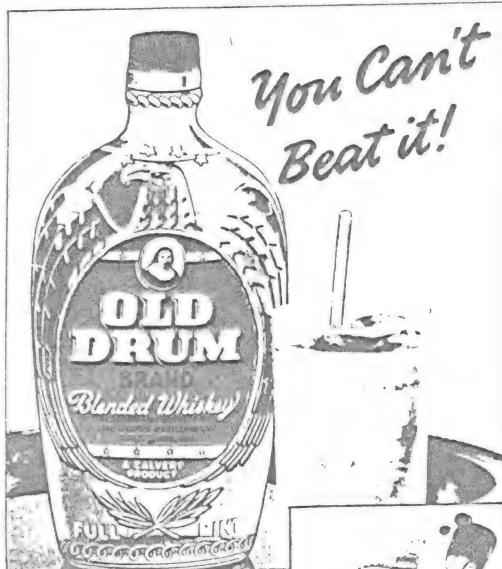
MICHIGAN JOINS SWING  
—SALES UP 42%



"WHAT A BREAK FOR ME that rabbit hunt was! That's the day I got my introduction to Old Drum. Boy, there's a whiskey that is really skillfully blended. Smooth and mellow, it's got a swell flavor all its own. What's more, Old Drum is priced just right!"

MICHIGAN'S MILLIONS are switching to Old Drum! Records show sales skyrocketing 42% in a recent ten-month period. And that's the trend across the nation. Try Old Drum yourself and see why it's fast becoming America's favorite! It's blended whiskey, of course!

AS MILLIONS SWING TO THIS  
FAIR-PRICE, QUALITY WHISKEY



Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY 90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1938 Old Drum Distillers, Inc.



# OLD DRUM



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Visit one of the 100,000 Super Pyro dealers today. In two minutes he will send you on your way protected to the lowest temperature expected all winter . . . probably at a fraction of the cost you used to pay for non-boil-away protection.

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25¢  
qt.

pression—false—later arose that Raymond was an investigator for Clinton and the CIVIC group. Actually, as far as can be shown, Raymond was concerned only with getting Munson to pay Gray that \$2,990.

One night, while Raymond was still helping Gray, he attended a conference at the Biltmore Hotel. At that conference was Kent Parrot who, to quote a Los Angeles newspaper, was "an attorney long linked with local political maneuvering." Sworn testimony indicated that Kent Parrot's companions at the conference were Guy McAfee and Bob Gans. Some sort of showdown took place there. Shortly afterward, Munson resigned from his post as a police commissioner.

But Gray, it seems, was no nearer to collecting his debt from Munson. Munson claimed he didn't have the money to pay; Gray and Raymond asserted he had.

Eventually it reached court. A public hearing was set for June 17, 1937, and Gray and Raymond expected to produce evidence of Munson's ability to pay his debt. The hearing was postponed when Munson filed a petition in bankruptcy. The whole case then was transferred to the United States court. A new date was set for a public hearing. That date—January 22, 1938—is important.

The situation amounted to this: Harry Raymond expected to go into open court on that date and establish that Munson had collected campaign money from gambling interests and the underworld for the election of Mayor Shaw. Further, he expected to link Joe Shaw, the Mayor's brother, directly to this whole unsavory business, prove him a party to the collection of underworld funds.

And Harry Raymond intended to subpoena some of the rulers of the invisible government. Among those he intended to bring into open court, put under oath, and through Attorney Rose—interrogate, were Guy McAfee and Bob Gans.

The picayune business of a \$2,990 private debt had taken on aspects of terrific concern to Los Angeles' invisible government, to a corrupt city administration, and to Joe Shaw, whose graft machine faced the klieg lights of public investigation.

What with Clinton attacking both underworld and administration on one front, and Raymond harassing it on another, those days were busy ones for Joe Shaw's Spy Squad, headed by Captain Earle E. Kynette.

This, then, was the tense situation. Came the day of January 14, 1938. The curtain rose, but the stage was not crowded. Let's see where everybody was.

**C**HIEF of Police James E. Davis was in Mexico City with the police pistol team. Mayor Shaw was in Washington, D. C. Joe Shaw, chauffeured by Del Gado, had gone to Mexico on a trip that will be discussed later.

But Harry Raymond was in Los Angeles. He stepped out of his house at about ten o'clock that morning and went to the garage that housed his automobile. In his pocket were two subpoenas—one for Guy McAfee, one for Bob Gans. Raymond got into his car. His foot pressed down on the starter button.

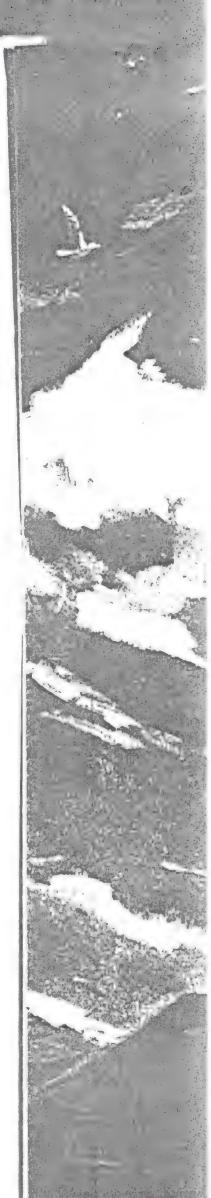
The explosion that followed did a number of things. It demolished the garage. It shattered windows in the neighborhood.

It blasted the engine out of the car.

It ripped Harry Raymond's legs, fractured his right ankle and his left elbow, punctured his chest in two places, drove 150 fragments of glass and wood and metal into his body. As the helpless detective squirmed, bleeding, in the wreckage, the mystery was not so much *why* this cowardly attempt at assassination had been made, as *who* had made it.

And the answer to that question ripped—at long last—the lid from the steaming witch's caldron of corruption in the City of the Angels.

*How the great West Coast city's good citizens were at last to rise in wrath, how "recall proceedings" were to be held, and what the outcome will be.*



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## PYRO BLASTS THEORY a low cost anti-freeze will boil away

the mistake of going for anti-freeze is year when you select, reliable, all-action at Super money-saving price. The old-time bugaboo prided anti-oil away, the makers Pyro made a series great nation-wide proved that this anti-freeze will not let normal driving the modern car.

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Demonstrated that thermal in modern engine temperature between 160° . . . and Pyro solution, suf-

ficient to protect to 10° below zero, does not boil even at 185°.

Furthermore, by preventing rust and corrosion, the Super Pyro solution in itself is protection against over-heating.

So we say "Goodbye to the Bugaboo of Boil-Away". . . modern motors do not get hot enough under normal engine operation to start Super Pyro boiling!

**PROTECT YOUR CAR NOW**  
Visit one of the 100,000 Super Pyro dealers today. In two minutes he will send you on your way protected to the lowest temperature expected all winter . . . probably at a fraction of the cost you used to pay for non-boil-away protection.

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! By using Super Pyro instead of an oil, the saving in cost will pay for two extra oil changes. Note the comparison!

Super Pyro	Expensive Brands
For Zero Protection	For Zero Protection
1 gal. — cost \$1.25	1 1/4 gals. — over \$3.00
" " " 1.25	" " " 3.00
" " " 1.25	" " " 3.00
" " " 2.00	" " " 5.00
" " " 1.25	" " " 3.00

25¢  
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**PYRO**  
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How the great West Coast city's good citizens were at last to rise in wrath, how "recall proceedings" were to oust Mayor Shaw and install Judge Fletcher Bowron, and whether that admirable civic housecleaning means—or doesn't—that the underworld's invisible government of Los Angeles is forever a thing of the past, you will see for yourself as this series is concluded next week.



# THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

"If you say anything about Harry, we'll shut your mouth," the men told him. Then they drove away.

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

## PART SIX—CONCLUSION

HARRY RAYMOND was removed to the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital where, during the next fifteen weeks, a surgeon was to probe for the bomb fragments in his body.

Ralph Gray visited Raymond on the night after the bombing. While Gray was there, he was summoned to a telephone in the hospital lobby. A man's voice said:

"Mr. Gray? Mr. Ralph Gray? How is Mr. Raymond?"

"Mr. Raymond is resting better."

"That's too bad," said the voice. "Next time we'll do a better job. You're next. Maybe tomorrow—next week. We'll do a better job than on Raymond."

Ralph Gray paled. Then he asked: "Why am I selected for this honor? Who is this?"

The voice answered: "You stick ur nose into other people's business, it's too bad." And that was all.

The surgeon, Dr. Sebastian, re-

moned dead you will receive \$5,000 in cash promptly.

Harry Raymond was the sixth person outspoken against the Shaw administration or the underworld, or both, who had been bombed since a pamphleteer named Lyndon R. (Red) Foster had been blasted out of his apartment in December, 1935, after suggesting that the Shaw administration, through pressure upon advertisers, was attempting to control the editorial sentiments of the Los Angeles newspapers.

Orville Forester, who knew the vice and gambling set-up in Los Angeles, had been another of those bombed. So had Robert Noble, originator of the "\$25 every Monday," which later was upped five dollars by some other promoters and became more popularly known as the Ham and Eggs Plan. Noble had been openly bitter against the Shaw administration. The Rev. G. C. Sebastian, a crusading minister,

Most of the bombs obviously had been set off to scare. In Raymond's case, the intent had been to kill.

His home and garage, scene of the bombing, were at 955 Orme Street. Not far away was a bungalow on East Seventh Street. More than three months before the Raymond bombing, on September 21, 1937, this bungalow had been rented by some men who came and went at all hours, did not speak to or associate with neighbors, read books until late at night, and were seen climbing telephone poles in the neighborhood.

On January 13, 1938—the night before the bombing—lights were on in the mystery bungalow until 4 A. M. One of the neighbors, George Sakalis, a little vegetable dealer, saw a couple of the men in the alley behind the bungalow. He ordered them away.

On January 19, Sakalis was driving his vegetable truck along a rather deserted road. Two men in a black sedan stopped him. One stayed behind the wheel of the sedan. The other



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hair and said, "How's my friend Raymond?"

Sakalis, terrified, said he knew nothing; he hadn't even read the papers.

"You act dumb," sneered the man, whom Sakalis recognized as one of his neighbors from the bungalow. Sakalis took all his money, four dollars, out of his pockets. "Boys," he pleaded, "I haven't got any more."

He offered it to the man, who took it, and then hit him hard—three times in the stomach, once on the chest, and once in the face.

"If you say anything about Harry Raymond we'll shut your mouth," they told him. Then they drove away.

PUBLIC indignation has a ridiculously high boiling point. But in the month after the Raymond bombing a previously incredulous Los Angeles citizenry bubbled with rage and horror. For in that month three men were arrested and charged with the attempt to blow Harry Raymond to bits. And those three men were:

Captain Earle E. Kynette of Joe Shaw's Spy Squad and Patrolmen Roy J. Allen and Fred A. Browne of the same terroristic "Special Intelligence Unit" of the Police Department. Browne later was acquitted, died.

Kynette and Allen were put on trial and eventually convicted of attempted murder, assault with intent to kill, and malicious use of explosives. They were sentenced to from one to fourteen years in San Quentin and have an appeal pending as this is written.

Suet-faced Captain Kynette brazenly attempted to change his appearance while awaiting trial in a cell. He combed his hair differently, assumed horn-rimmed glasses, grew a mustache. If anything, it helped convict him.

He was identified as the man who had called Ralph Gray over the hospital telephone and told him: "You're next." He was identified by Sakalis as the man who had sat in the sedan when Sakalis had been beaten up.

Harry Raymond came from a hospital bed under heavy guard to testify that Kynette had threatened him. Kynette had told him that he, Kynette, took his orders directly from Joe Shaw. It was not, it seems, an idle boast, for investigators learned that after the bombing Kynette had made a long-distance phone call to Joe Shaw in Mexico and paid for it out of his own pocket.

Raymond told of attempts previous to the bombing to "stop" him. Once his auto had been tampered with. It had gone out of control and an accident had occurred in which his leg had been broken in two places. Kynette, he said, had reminded him of the Red Foster bombing and told him he could expect the same thing.

Kynette was identified as a man who, a week before the Raymond bombing, had turned up at a foundry,

What had been done to Raymond, it became evident, was nothing more than any citizen of Los Angeles who dared oppose the City Hall gang might expect from its Spy Squad.

Records of the Spy Squad were brought into court. The conversations of 300 persons—none of them a criminal—had been recorded. There were typed reports on hosts of others. A congressman, a candidate for governor, ministers of the city's churches, Clifford E. Clinton, and many other respectable persons had been spied on and sometimes harassed by the Spy Squad. The pasts of most of them had been raked for scandal.

Public sentiment revolted when Kynette's superiors in City Hall and Police Department refused to repudiate him, even after his arrest. And it revolted further when seven members of the Spy Squad took the witness stand at his trial and blithely refused to answer any questions concerning wire-tapping activities near the scene of the Raymond bombing, on the grounds that to do so might degrade or incriminate them.

WHAT, an aroused public wanted to know, could possibly be the justification for this Spy Squad that, fed by the taxpayers' money, hounded and injured them?

Chief of Police Davis, an agile Red baiter, took the stand to try to explain. His plight was a little pitiable, and many thought he was merely fronting for the real leader of the Spy Squad, Joe Shaw. He made Fourth-of-July speeches about "subversive elements," until counsel gently stopped him with a reminder that the point being discussed was why the Spy Squad spied on decent citizens and attempted to blow up such men as Harry Raymond. They couldn't *all* be Reds.

Chief Davis intimated that some of those in the Spy Squad files had police-blotter pasts. The prosecution took the report of one man, a minister, from the Spy Squad files. Had he committed any crime? Chief Davis said he had. What was it? It turned out to be a minor traffic violation.

And so it went. Kynette and his chief assistant were convicted. The Spy Squad ostensibly was disbanded as public clamor rose. And now a lot of people dialed off the crooners and listened to Clifford E. Clinton's broadcasts. Los Angeles was becoming civic-minded.

As for Clinton, he was still mulling over those blundering words Chief Davis had uttered when accusing him of plotting a recall. He hadn't known that a mayor could be recalled. Now he did know—and was in favor of it.

He went to a number of persons for advice—among them Judge Fletcher Bowron of the Superior Court. The opinion was dishearteningly unanimous. He and his group would be crazy to attempt a recall election. It had never been managed successfully in any large American city.

*Nevertheless, against this opinion*

threw himself into the movement to recall Mayor Shaw. He began by hiring at his own expense solicitors to go out and obtain signatures for a recall. It proved a terrific flop. The Shaw machine sent "ringers" to him. They obtained signatures, then turned them over to administration henchmen who destroyed them.

A new civic movement, just prior to the Raymond bombing, had lined up to assist Clinton. It was the Federation for Civic Betterment and it called its directing body the Committee of Twenty-five. Later it was to become dominated by Leftists, but meanwhile it worked side by side with Clinton's CIVIC, sounding a challenge to the Shaw administration.

An appeal was made to every organization of Los Angeles to send two delegates. Two thousand persons—clubwomen, church members, whites and Negroes, labor representatives—attended the first meeting.

When, a second time, the recall of Mayor Shaw was proposed, some of the groups withdrew in alarm. But Clinton had enough support now to try again.

Dr. Roy L. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, told his friend Clinton: "I know just the man we need for this recall campaign."

That man was Carl C. Hoskin, a picturesque North Dakota cattle rancher who had graduated from ranching to lecturing before Lyceum Bureau audiences. Hoskin was a hard-bitten, outspoken fellow who liked horses and guns. He had been in some hot civic battles in Midwestern cities. He enjoyed a good fight. It was not hard to persuade him to come on to Los Angeles.

THE recall fight began, and Carl Hoskin hadn't long been secretary of the Committee of Twenty-five when City Hall thugs took to his trail. He was followed night and day. That didn't bother him.

He received mysterious telephone calls threatening his life and the lives of members of his family. That was old stuff too, and he shrugged it off.

Then the gang dug into his past. Investigators were dispatched to Fargo, North Dakota, and Des Moines, Iowa, where he had lived. The best they came up with was the story of a trip he had made once from North Dakota to Texas in the company of a woman. It was true enough—but the woman had been his sister.

Hoskin didn't mind the interest in his past either. But he was downright annoyed when some one built a fire under his car in his garage.

Still smarting under this indignity, he was alone in campaign headquarters one night when two burly men entered. One of them snarled: "Do you want to live until Election Day?"

Hoskin thought it over a moment, then drawled: "You know, come to think of it, I don't agree with them."

"You act dumb," sneered the man, whom Sakalis recognized as one of his neighbors from the bungalow. Sakalis took all his money, four dollars, out of his pockets. "Boys," he pleaded, "I haven't got any more."

He offered it to the man, who took it, and then hit him hard—three times in the stomach, once on the chest, and once in the face.

"If you say anything about Harry Raymond we'll shut your mouth," they told him. Then they drove away.

PUBLIC indignation has a ridiculously high boiling point. But in the month after the Raymond bombing a previously incredulous Los Angeles citizenry bubbled with rage and horror. For in that month three men were arrested and charged with the attempt to blow Harry Raymond to bits. And those three men were:

Captain Earle E. Kynette of Joe Shaw's Spy Squad and Patrolmen Roy J. Allen and Fred A. Browne of the same terroristic "Special Intelligence Unit" of the Police Department. Browne later was acquitted, died.

Kynette and Allen were put on trial and eventually convicted of attempted murder, assault with intent to kill, and malicious use of explosives. They were sentenced to from one to fourteen years in San Quentin and have an appeal pending as this is written.

Suet-faced Captain Kynette brazenly attempted to change his appearance while awaiting trial in a cell. He combed his hair differently, assumed horn-rimmed glasses, grew a mustache. If anything, it helped convict him.

He was identified as the man who had called Ralph Gray over the hospital telephone and told him: "You're next." He was identified by Sakalis as the man who had sat in the sedan when Sakalis had been beaten up.

Harry Raymond came from a hospital bed under heavy guard to testify that Kynette had threatened him. Kynette had told him that he, Kynette, took his orders directly from Joe Shaw. It was not, it seems, an idle boast, for investigators learned that after the bombing Kynette had made a long-distance phone call to Joe Shaw in Mexico and paid for it out of his own pocket.

Raymond told of attempts previous to the bombing to "stop" him. Once his auto had been tampered with. It had gone out of control and an accident had occurred in which his leg had been broken in two places. Kynette, he said, had reminded him of the Red Foster bombing and told him he could expect the same thing.

Kynette was identified as a man who, a week before the Raymond bombing, had turned up at a foundry, shopping for "pipe that would break easy."

Records of the Spy Squad were brought into court. The conversations of 300 persons—none of them a criminal—had been recorded. There were typed reports on hosts of others. A congressman, a candidate for governor, ministers of the city's churches, Clifford E. Clinton, and many other respectable persons had been spied on and sometimes harassed by the Spy Squad. The pasts of most of them had been raked for scandal.

Public sentiment revolted when Kynette's superiors in City Hall and Police Department refused to repudiate him, even after his arrest. And it revolted further when seven members of the Spy Squad took the witness stand at his trial and blithely refused to answer any questions concerning wire-tapping activities near the scene of the Raymond bombing, on the grounds that to do so might degrade or incriminate them.

WHAT an aroused public wanted to know, could possibly be the justification for this Spy Squad that, fed by the taxpayers' money, hounded and injured them?

Chief of Police Davis, an agile Red baiter, took the stand to try to explain. His plight was a little pitiable, and many thought he was merely fronting for the real leader of the Spy Squad, Joe Shaw. He made Fourth-of-July speeches about "subversive elements," until counsel gently stopped him with a reminder that the point being discussed was why the Spy Squad spied on decent citizens and attempted to blow up such men as Harry Raymond. They couldn't all be Reds.

Chief Davis intimated that some of those in the Spy Squad files had police-blotted pasts. The prosecution took the report of one man, a minister, from the Spy Squad files. Had he committed any crime? Chief Davis said he had. What was it? It turned out to be a minor traffic violation.

And so it went. Kynette and his chief assistant were convicted. The Spy Squad ostensibly was disbanded as public clamor rose. And now a lot of people dialed off the crooners and listened to Clifford E. Clinton's broadcasts. Los Angeles was becoming civic-minded.

As for Clinton, he was still mulling over those blundering words Chief Davis had uttered when accusing him of plotting a recall. He hadn't known that a mayor could be recalled. Now he did know—and was in favor of it.

He went to a number of persons for advice—among them Judge Fletcher Bowron of the Superior Court. The opinion was dishearteningly unanimous. He and his group would be crazy to attempt a recall election. It had never been managed successfully in any large American city.

Nevertheless, against this advice of men far wiser than he about the business of practical politics, Clinton

Shaw machine sent "ringers" to him. They obtained signatures, then turned them over to administration henchmen who destroyed them.

A new civic movement, just prior to the Raymond bombing, had lined up to assist Clinton. It was the Federation for Civic Betterment and it called its directing body the Committee of Twenty-five. Later it was to become dominated by Leftists, but meanwhile it worked side by side with Clinton's CIVIC, sounding a challenge to the Shaw administration.

An appeal was made to every organization of Los Angeles to send two delegates. Two thousand persons—clubwomen, church members, whites and Negroes, labor representatives—attended the first meeting.

When, a second time, the recall of Mayor Shaw was proposed, some of the groups withdrew in alarm. But Clinton had enough support now to try again.

Dr. Roy L. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, told his friend Clinton: "I know just the man we need for this recall campaign."

That man was Carl C. Hoskin, a picturesque North Dakota cattle rancher who had graduated from ranching to lecturing before Lyceum Bureau audiences. Hoskin was a hard-bitten, outspoken fellow who liked horses and guns. He had been in some hot civic battles in Mid-western cities. He enjoyed a good fight. It was not hard to persuade him to come on to Los Angeles.

THE recall fight began, and Carl Hoskin hadn't long been secretary of the Committee of Twenty-five when City Hall thugs took to his trail. He was followed night and day. That didn't bother him.

He received mysterious telephone calls threatening his life and the lives of members of his family. That was old stuff too, and he shrugged it off.

Then the gang dug into his past. Investigators were dispatched to Fargo, North Dakota, and Des Moines, Iowa, where he had lived. The best they came up with was the story of a trip he had made once from North Dakota to Texas in the company of a woman. It was true enough—but the woman had been his sister.

Hoskin didn't mind the interest in his past either. But he was downright annoyed when some one built a fire under his car in his garage.

Still smarting under this indignity, he was alone in campaign headquarters one night when two burly men entered. One of them snarled: "Do you want to live until Election Day?"

Hoskin thought it over a moment, then drawled: "You know, come to think of it, I don't care whether I live or not. Times are hard and I'm sort o' worn out and awful sleepy."



Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw, the mayor whom Judge Bowron defeated in the recall election—

N. 6351

MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE  
BOWRON FOR MAYOR  
DOLLAR CLUB

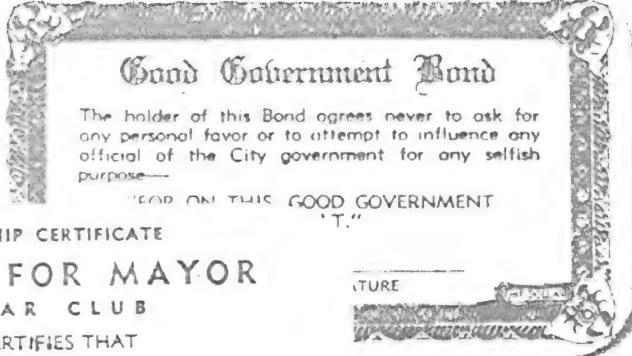
THIS CERTIFIES THAT

has subscribed \$1.00 to the BOWRON FOR MAYOR campaign and agrees to do everything legally possible to elect Fletcher Bowron as Mayor of Los Angeles.

*M. N. Hatcher*

M. N. HATCHER, Treasurer.

(OVER)



—and one of those one-dollar "Good Government Bonds" which helped in financing the Bowron campaign.

And then he whipped out a revolver and jammed it into the paunch of the nearer man. "Now, you blankety-blank so-and-soes," he snapped, "get the blankety-blank out of here. And fast!"

They got. No one bothered him after that.

A date had been set for a labor ordinance special election, and to save taxpayers the expense of another election, Clinton and his groups were speeding up the distribution of petitions so that the recall could be voted upon at the same time. The recall petitions listed the grounds on which removal of Mayor Shaw was sought. Among them:

"That it is now generally known and manifest that the candidacy of Mayor Shaw was sponsored and financed in great measure by racketeers and politico-underworld personalities desiring to carry on illegal activities with the consent of a deliberately lax and co-operative administration. . . . That numerous governmental departments under his domination have been and are now operated on a 'racket basis.'"

There was not much time to obtain the thousands of signatures needed, and the Shaw gang was making every conceivable effort to hamper Clinton and his associates. Solicitors were insulted, intimidated, jailed on petty charges. One girl was drugged by a shot in the arm. The head of one group of solicitors was taken into gin mills and loaded with free drinks, and both he and his petitions were lost.

Despite all this, the required percentage of petitions were gathered and placed in safe-deposit vaults. From there they were transferred, under guard, to City Hall for certification. The City Clerk agreed to work a special force from 6 P. M. until 6 A. M., so that the signatures could be verified in time.

In City Hall, some one apparently got into the vault, for when the verifying began it was found that many signatures had been altered. "Smith" had become "Smithson"; "John Jones" had become

certified to enable the City Clerk to place the recall on the ballot.

Clinton and his associates had called an election—but they didn't have a candidate for mayor. And finding one was going to be no easy matter. In spite of the wave of civic indignation, any man who dared oppose the Shaw administration and its invisible allies would almost certainly be committing political hara-kiri. And time was short.

This resolute group of citizens, seeking a man on whom they could pin their hopes for a more decent civic life, decided upon Superior Court Judge Fletcher Bowron.

"Nothing doing," he said when Clinton sounded him out.

You couldn't blame Bowron. Why should he, enjoying the security and tranquillity of a most creditable job, pit himself and his political future against a machine backed by a rich underworld?

He sympathized with Clinton and Clinton's associates. But even their treasury looked as if their cause was hopeless. It contained exactly \$81.26.

Judge Bowron was a splendid choice. He had a fine career of public service behind him. Fifty-one years old, he was a native Californian. He had succeeded the hard way, carrying newspapers as a kid, working his way through law school. For a while he had been a reporter, later a secretary to California's Governor Richardson. He had been appointed a Superior Court judge in 1926 and had recently been selected to preside over that court by his fellow judges.

He was honest and he was practical. He knew the Shaw machine was no push-over. But Clinton and his group were by this time desperate.

"Won't you run?" Bowron was asked again.

"No," he replied firmly. Then he added, "But come along. We'll see if we can't find you another candidate."

They virtually exhausted the tele-

man was capable but might not be entirely honest. And so it went.

"If you don't accept," Bowron was told, "we're sunk."

"I'll think it over," he promised.

He conferred with fellow judges of Superior Court. "You're mad if you even think of it," they said.

But somehow Judge Bowron could not lose sight of what this crowd of decent citizens wanted—simply good government. And he was impressed, as many people have been, by the obvious sincerity of Clifford Clinton, the little restaurant man.

On August 9, 1938 little more than a month before the date set for the recall election a committee (still without a candidate) came to see Judge Bowron and renew their pleas that he run. If he did not, their group would be hopelessly split; their efforts dissipated. That decided Judge Bowron. But he told them frankly:

"Whether I shall accept your kind offer to be your candidate . . . will depend on an understanding that we can have right now. I know that all of you are sincere. Some of us, possibly, do not entirely agree upon our ideas of social philosophy. I know that that is an honest difference of opinion. You all want honest government. So let us be honest and frank with each other. Is there any understanding on the part of any one of you that I am pledged to anything except a sincere, honest effort to give a clean government?"

There was not, the committee spokesman answered.

"If I am elected to this office, which I am not seeking, the good Lord knows, no one would expect me to make an appointment because of political support?"

He added that he did not guarantee to make Los Angeles lily-white but would use every effort to smash organized crime and corrupt pay-offs. In any matter of policy he would hear both sides, then do his best.

"What I am interested in," he said,



Grafters Out! Shaw, the mayor whom Judge Bowron defeated in the recall election—

## Good Government Bond

The holder of this Bond agrees never to ask for any personal favor or to attempt to influence any official of the City government for any selfish purpose—

"FOR ON THIS GOOD GOVERNMENT  
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"What I am interested in," he said, "is just ordinary, plain, decent government—and in treating every one

alike. If . . . we are all merely working together for a common purpose—to secure better government and make Los Angeles a cleaner and better place in which to live—I will go along with you."

That was his acceptance, and to it he added that he wished it clearly understood that any campaign contribution received would *buy* nothing.

"I have no other income," he said, "except my salary. Everything I have in the world is in a home that I have been trying to buy since 1929—and it is very heavily encumbered—and in a few life-insurance policies that protect my family. No one owes me money; I own no stocks or bonds. My only possible source of income is my salary. My financial status is set forth in an application for a loan to the Federal Housing Administration.

"I am saying that, not to invite sympathy but to tell you this: That if I should be elected mayor, and at the end of that time should own any property or stocks or bonds or anything of value except what I have bought from my salary, I want you to know it."

WITH a candidate but no funds the campaign got under way. Mayor Shaw had dropped his 1933 slogan: "Throw the Grafters Out!" He adopted a safer one: "The Sun Still Shines in Los Angeles."

With only thirty-six days before the election, recall campaign headquarters were sought. Obtaining them was not easy, for owners were afraid their buildings would be bombed. And the problem of campaign funds was heartbreaking. An elderly retired civic-minded gentleman, O. W. Stratton by name, walked into recall campaign headquarters a few days after it opened and said:

"I'll tell you what you do. You folks print up a batch of numbered tickets. Call them 'Good Government Bonds.' Sell them to the public—dollar apiece. Nobody's going to expect to buy protection for a gambling house or a job in City Hall for a dollar. And if the public really want good government, they'll buy those bonds."

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Fighting with its back to the wall, the Shaw machine opened a large headquarters directly across the street from the recall offices, started a barrage of scandal sheets, and dropped throw sheets from airplanes. Machine workers hired men and women to phone voters: "This is the Communist League. Will you please vote for our candidate Judge Bowron?" In the Negro districts they would announce that it was the Ku Klux Klan calling.

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put them into his briefcase to take them home. A few hours later the briefcase was stolen. The friendly writers of the letters were thereupon told by phone callers that if they supported Judge Bowron they wouldn't be able to get so much as a dog license out of City Hall.

Large campaign contributions came into the recall headquarters anonymously, in the form of \$500 or \$1,000 bills. They were not used, for it was believed that they had been marked or photographed and then sent out from underworld sources.

In spite of all this dirty work, and much more, Fletcher Bowron was elected Mayor of Los Angeles by a two-to-one vote over Frank L. Shaw and by a plurality of 110,000 votes—the largest plurality ever received by any mayor of that city.

His campaign ended without a deficit. And his campaign expenditures were ridiculously small for a city of 1,250,000 people—\$15,288. The public that had elected him had contributed most of that in small sums. Some of the hardest workers and most eager contributors in the campaign had been honest policemen, firemen, and Civil Service workers.

Thus, on September 16, 1938, the City of the Angels for the first time in twenty years, faced the pleasing prospect of having its municipal affairs run by a clean and unfettered and wise administration.

At a rousing dinner given for him at the Biltmore on October 25, 1938, Mayor Bowron thanked those who had supported him and said:

"It is a beautiful occasion; it is pleasing; it is flattering. It has been a great event in my life and it will live long and vividly in my memory. It will live only in my memory, for it will never happen again—because I feel certain that I will prove an unpopular Mayor of the City of Los Angeles because *I intend to do my duty.*"

HE set instantly to work to do it. He demanded—and got—the resignations of 100 officials in the city government. He sent underworld czars scurrying for cover as he told Chief of Police Davis that he expected "one-hundred-per-cent law enforcement." Chief Davis later resigned, under fire, to protect a pension of \$328 a month which Los Angeles taxpayers must furnish him for the rest of his life. He has in addition whatever salary he draws in his new job head of the private police of a large Coast airplane manufacturing plant.

New York's Mayor LaGuardia had given the new mayor some advice from his own personal store: "Strike, strike hard and strike fast, or they'll have a new organization built before you can stamp them out."

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solutely trustworthy. Guy McAfee should have known; but his statement implies that Bowron got rid of twenty who did deserve firing.

In each city department, Bowron uncovered new evidence of rottenness. Under the Shaw administration, City Hall had sold answers to Civil Service examination questions (fifty dollars and up); Civil Service jobs (\$400 and up); honorary police badges (ten dollars and up); police captaincies (\$1,500); Fire Department promotions, city contracts, and all types of "juice"—the Pacific Coast term for political protection of criminals. The new mayor demanded and got the resignation of the entire Shaw administration Civil Service Commission, and set the city Attorney to investigate irregularities within that department. They were there: the job and promotion sales, the peddling by Joe Shaw of Civil Service questions and answers.

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You will recall that Joe Shaw had been driven by his friend and chauffeur, Lieutenant Peter Del Gado, to Mexico just before the Harry Raymond bombing. A rumor persisted that the purpose of that trip had been to take four suitcases and a hidden strongbox full of cash (an estimated \$500,000 worth of hoolie) to Mexico, whence it was to be shipped to Canadian or English banks.

The story of the hidden strongbox sounds fantastic. Joe Shaw indignantly termed it "theatrical." But his automobile, which had been sold, was traced to its new owner. Inspection revealed a metal box midway between the front and rear seats on the right side, its lid flush with the car's floorboards and covered by carpeting. The box, eighteen by twenty by six inches, was welded to the car's frame. To open it, you had to fit four screws into four holes. When tightened, they operated a mechanism which lifted the lid.

Told of the finding of this gadget, Joe Shaw said it was just a carrier for tire chains. Yet the car's new owner had not known it was there.

It was, of course, empty. Whether it had once carried half a million dollars to Mexico, only time and, possibly, the Internal Revenue Department will be able to tell.

Joe Shaw and Cormack were convicted March 23, 1939, on sixty-three counts each, of altering public records, and sentenced to serve from five to seventy years in prison. They are out on bail now, pending appeals.

Los Angeles marches on—but even as you read this, some of the former commissioners, ex-cops, and remnants of the Shaw machine are meeting to build up a new organization to fight honest, dignified Mayor Bowron.

True, under him most of Los Angeles' underworld vice and prostitution

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Told of the finding of this gadget, Joe Shaw said it was just a carrier for tire chains. Yet the car's new owner had not known it was there.

It was, of course, empty. Whether it had once carried half a million dollars to Mexico, only time and, possibly, the Internal Revenue Department will be able to tell.

Joe Shaw and Cormack were convicted March 23, 1939, on sixty-three counts each, of altering public records, and sentenced to serve from five to seventy years in prison. They are out on bail now, pending appeals.

Los Angeles marches on—but even as you read this, some of the former commissioners, ex-cops, and remnants of the Shaw machine are meeting to build up a new organization to fight honest, dignified Mayor Bowron.

True, under him most of Los Angeles' wide-open vice and gambling joints have been shut tight. Sporadic and independent operations still go

on. But centralized syndicated vice and gambling are, temporarily at least, stamped out. Los Angeles is not now a closed town, but organized crime with police pay-offs is at a low ebb.

Yet the invisible empire is still there—waiting. It knows that the power of a mayor extends so far and no farther. He can—as Mayor Bowron has done—clean up most of City Hall. But he cannot touch other officials. And if they have been put into office with underworld sponsorship, they can block him every foot of the way.

This is not to imply that every officeholder who fights Mayor Bowron has the purse strings of the underworld around his neck. The present Mayor of Los Angeles is delightfully human. He may err, as all humans do. But his will be honest errors.

WHILE playing a waiting game, the underworld can toss harpoons at the two men who wish to give the city clean government. And it has done that. Mayor Bowron has been called a “dictator.” Clifford Clinton has been called too many things to enumerate here. Last February Clinton was involved in a traffic accident in which a young man was injured. No complaint was filed against him until March 24, almost on the eve of an election in which he had plugged, by radio, for public support of councilmen who would work with Mayor Bowron. The complaint was signed by a policeman. Clinton went to jail, refusing bail offered by friends, to demonstrate that he wished no favors. He was later acquitted by a jury.

The campaign not only to smear Clinton and hamstring Bowron but to put a wedge between them still goes on. Though today they eschew each other's company lest the public take stock in the rumors spread by a poisonous whispering campaign, each has unqualified respect for the sincerity of the other.

The 1937 minority grand-jury report printed the names of a coalition of nearly thirty of the city's politico-racketeers. Not one of them, so far, has faced thorough investigation or prosecution, despite the fact that sworn testimony at the Kynette trial produced evidence that this underworld coalition had contributed funds to the city and county machines.

The Shaw machine, a bribe taker, was kicked out. But the underworld, a bribe giver, so far has been immune.

Los Angeles needs a dose of what Thomas E. Dewey gave New York—diligent, unfettered prosecution. Neither Clinton nor Mayor Bowron thinks that Los Angeles' District Attorney Buron Fitts will supply it.

On his record, the District Attorney—who while in office has been shot and indicted—is no Thomas E. Dewey. His career has been erratic, but it has shown flashes of brilliant prosecution. It was Fitts' office, it must be remembered, that prosecuted and convicted Kynette and Joe Shaw,

servers claim, were largely responsible for returning Fitts to office during his last campaign.

Critics of Fitts charge that political expediency and public sentiment would alone have forced the prosecution of Kynette, and that Joe Shaw was a down-and-outer anyway. They point to the fact that after those convictions there were no attempts to uncover evidence of other crimes.

Regardless of their opinion, the general situation seems, upon sane consideration, to boil down to this:

Los Angeles—fifth city in size, first in glorious potentialities in these United States—has thrown off the grip of a rotten administration. For this it owes most of its thanks to a courageous fighting private citizen and an equally courageous fighting mayor. That mayor has gone—and is going—as far as he is empowered to go to throw off, too, the strangle hold upon his city of a hidden administration of the underworld.

No honest and impartial appraisal of these two men can damn them as bluenosed reformers. Neither seeks a “chemically pure” Los Angeles; a town tight shut and dismal. But they do stand—and rightly—against vicious political and syndicate exploitation that must, given time, inevitably weaken the civic fiber of a great city.

TUS half of the job has been done; the other half remains. Can it be completed?

It can—if vigilant, persevering, and capable prosecution lies ahead. Los Angeles' politico-criminal syndicate has not yet been touched. Yet it would seem to be one of the greatest fields for a fighting prosecutor to be found in America today.

It is an intriguing thought to wonder what might happen tomorrow if some young lawyer—a potential Tom Dewey of California—were given the job and told to clean house. He would have to be an ambitious youngster, free of all local political ties, clean, hard-hitting, capable, and utterly honest. A good trial lawyer, a good investigator. He might today be a comparative unknown; tomorrow—with the blessing and go-ahead of Los Angeles' citizenry—a national figure.

Where could Los Angeles find such a man? There are not many places to look. One of them would be in Washington, for however you look upon today's national administration, it is obvious that such branches of our government as, say, the United States Attorney General's office today are training young career men who tomorrow may return to their homes to become the white hopes of crime-ridden municipalities.

Whatever tomorrow may bring, the decision concerning whether the job shall be finished rests—as it should—with the citizens of Los Angeles.

This much is certain: When it is finished—and not until then—the City of the Angels can haul down the skull and crossbones and run aloft



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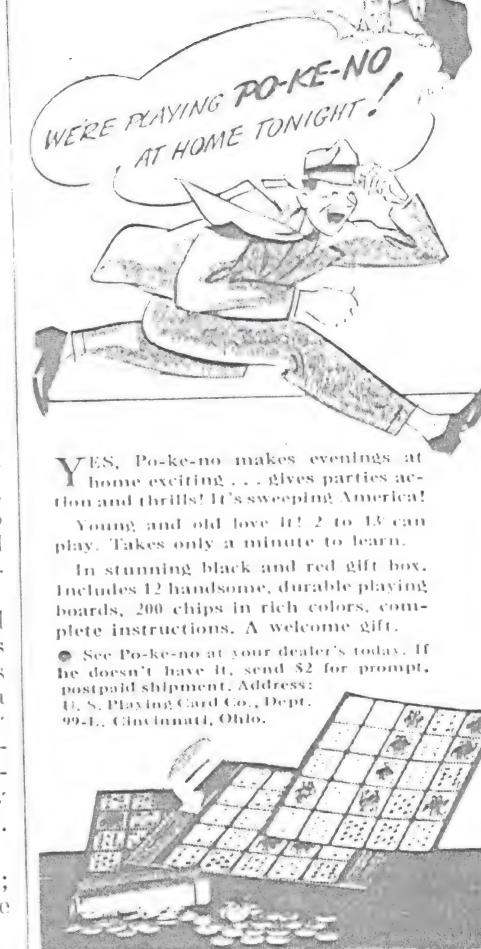
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THE END

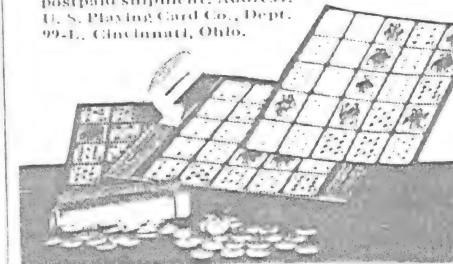


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BROOKS COMPANY 508-G State St., Marshall, Mich.

Mr. Fitts and, below, the opening article of the series he answers.



# BURON FITTS *Defends* LOS ANGELES

SPEAK in behalf of the reputation of a great city. I am the District Attorney of the county in which that city, Los Angeles, is situated. I have held that office for twelve years, during three terms of incumbency. And, as attorney for the people of Los Angeles, I feel I have a peculiar right to speak.

I was brought up in Los Angeles. I went through grade and high school, college and law school, in Los Angeles. I have watched Los Angeles grow from little more than a pueblo to the great metropolitan center of western America it has become today—a city with a population of a million and a half. The urban center of a county with a population of nearly three million. A county with a population in excess of that of many states of the Union, and with a territorial extent as great as that of some states.

For almost the whole of my life—I was born in Texas—I have been identified with Los Angeles. I have seen it become the movie and radio center of the country, the center of the nation's aircraft industries. I have seen it become the base of America's naval might. Boy and man, I have watched Los Angeles

## Liberty gives both sides! Without comment, here's a reply to The Lid Off Los Angeles—by the county's famous District Attorney

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

of positive civic values which I affirm Los Angeles possesses as perhaps few cities in this country possess them.

Before I go any further I wish to express my respect and admiration for a great American magazine—Liberty. In giving me this opportunity to present the case for Los Angeles, after the presentation of the case against us in its series of articles The Lid Off Los Angeles, Liberty shows itself again to be the guarantor of fairness which the American public has come to understand and expect it to be.

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I've been District Attorney enough to have no illusions about crime. Crime will always be with us as long as human nature remains what it is. The warfare of society against the antisocial never ends. During my three terms my office prosecuted over sixty thousand sons for various sorts of crimes. The crime rate has kept pace roughly with the growth in population of the

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That is why I must speak in behalf of its reputation when I see it unjustly assailed; when I see my city proclaimed to the nation and the world as a sinkhole of official corruption and iniquity, in a manner which I consider inaccurate and uninformed, in a manner which leaves wholly out of account certain fundamental civic decencies and a number

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Also, before I go any further I wish it understood that I am not speaking merely in defense of my office or of myself as the public officer charged with the responsibility for fighting official corruption in Los Angeles County. In so far as I appear to defend myself or my office, I am thinking first of the good name of Los Angeles.

By the very nature of his job, the District Attorney of a large metropolitan jurisdiction becomes a man who is damned if he does, and damned

if he doesn't. I've been called for my share of such cases in the past twelve years—cused time and again, openly, of taking bribe or throw cases. I've been accused of perjury by a grand jury, tried to get me, and acquitted. That couldn't be helped, I was shot at and wounded in the doorway of my office. Threats to my life have been routine.

It's been one long fight against the forces of corruption and personal and political favoritism. But—in the words of a soldier during the World War who served in France as a member of the 88th Division—"here we are again, go on fighting 'em all."

I've been a District Attorney long enough to have no illusions about crime. Crime will always be with us as long as human nature is what it is. The war against the antisocial elements is a never-ending struggle. During my three terms as a District Attorney I have prosecuted over sixty thousand persons for various sorts of crime. The crime rate has kept pace with the growth in population. That was something to be proud of. My office has steadily increased its personnel and in efficiency.

What has been difficult, however, have been self-seeking politicians and other styled reformers to have credit the work of my office and the other law-enforcement agencies in the city and county, to accomplish their own personal ends.

Undoubtedly other

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THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

Beginning an astounding story of corruption and vice in a great city—and a stirring battle against them

BY DWIGHT F. MCKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF



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neys have had to cope with these White Knights and Fair-Haired Boys, but I question if any other District Attorney ever had such a motley assortment to cope with as I've had. I have nothing but respect and admiration for sincere political reformers. All progress in government has come out of their efforts. But I hate a hypocritical one as I hate poison. In the war between society and the criminal, no quarter can be given and there is no room for selfish obstructionism; and on our local front, here in Los Angeles, it has been these hypocritical obstructionists who have been lending aid and comfort to the enemy.

I'm not personally acquainted with the authors of the Liberty articles entitled *The Lid Off Los Angeles*. They did not call on me or on any one in my office for assistance; why, I'm sure I don't know. However, they are undoubtedly sincere men, and unquestionably felt they were being given the truth by whomever they did call on for their data. By Mr. Clifford E. Clinton, possibly, or by some of his entourage.

Their first article deals in part with the Councilman Carl Jacobsen morals case. Happening to have been the prosecutor, I am astounded by what must be either a complete lack of knowledge on the part of the authors' informants, or deliberate misstatement of facts by these informants. I am especially astounded by a melodramatic tidbit: The blood of a syphilitic prostitute, it is recounted, was to be injected into Jacobsen's veins in order to prevent his release from jail on bond. When, in heaven's name, could that have been thought possible, when Jacobsen never was behind the bars of a jail?

In the next article I'm personally referred to, incidentally, as a hawk-nosed wounded war veteran, and as a shrewd political opportunist whose big chance came when I prosecuted and sent to prison my own boss and predecessor in the District Attorneyship, Asa Keyes.

I'll have to admit the nose and the war record. As for the rest, of course I prosecuted my former boss and predecessor in office! I prosecuted Asa Keyes for the same reason my office has prosecuted over sixty thousand other persons during the past twelve years. It was my duty—one of the hardest I've ever been called upon to perform, to be sure—but my duty. If that be shrewd political opportunism, make the most of it!

I do not accept that

with by the authorities legally responsible for coping with them: the sheriff's office, the police department, the courts, and—in this case—my office. And as attorney for the people of Los Angeles I resent the implication that our law-enforcement agencies were doing so little about municipal corruption, and doing that little so reluctantly, that a private citizen, a St. George by the name of Clifford E. Clinton, was obliged to don his shining armor and rout the dragon!

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What's the answer? I think what I think it is—straight shoulder: I don't believe sincere.

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local front here in Los Angeles, it has been these hypocritical obstructionists who have been lending aid and comfort to the enemy.

I'm not personally acquainted with the authors of the Liberty articles entitled *The Lid Off Los Angeles*. They did not call on me or on any one in my office for assistance; why, I'm sure I don't know. However, they are undoubtedly sincere men, and unquestionably felt they were being given the truth by whomever they did call on for their data. By Mr. Clifford E. Clinton, possibly, or by some of his entourage.

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I do not assert that crimes of the nature referred to in *The Lid Off Los Angeles* never occurred, or that the municipal corruption referred to never existed. Los Angeles has been no freer from its share of crime and corruption than has any other great American urban center. But these things in themselves are not what form a city's reputation. A city's reputation is based upon the manner in which these things are coped

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"On his record, the attorney—who while in shot and indicted—is Dewey. His career has but it has shown flashes of prosecution. It was must be remembered, and convicted Kynette. Those were notable convictions of two observers claim, responsible for returning during his last campaign.

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All the italics above: the words "notable convictions" in italics that they are all that out of that entire quotation so far as the actuality of the moment in Los Angeles. The rest of that paragraph directed at me personally by my office. It's the kind of thing used to, even if it's the kind of thing that, in increasing doses over the years, has given me loneliness.

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As for these, any one today's Los Angeles news listener to local news broadcasts what utter poppycock these accusations are! As I write major prosecution of a gangster with corrupt practices in full blast. Out of deference to the trial court, I cannot certainly on the merits of the case. I can state emphatically that E. Clinton has had no more to do with this current prosecution in the moon! And that more pulling our punches we've pulled them in any number of cases we've handled.

(Continued on page 14)

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As for these, any one who reads today's Los Angeles newspapers or listens to local news broadcasts knows what utter poppycock these observations are! As I write this, another major prosecution of a group charged with corrupt practices is going on, full blast. Out of deference to the trial court, I cannot comment publicly on the merits of this case. But I can state emphatically that Clifford E. Clinton has had no more to do with this current prosecution than the man in the moon! And that we are no more pulling our punches in it than we've pulled them in any of the thousands of cases we've handled in the

(Continued on page 16)

*(Continued from page 14)*

last twelve years. Whatever the obstructionists may say about political expediency or a crying need for some prosecuting Moses to lead us out of a "wilderness" of corruption, the hard fact remains that those charged with crime are being prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

What else matters? What more can any reasonable, fair-minded, disinterested critic ask?

Now let's turn to the actual public record. Let's really take the "lid" off Los Angeles and see what's actually beneath it besides the several crimes and unquestionable instances of municipal corruption recounted by the authors in their articles.

In all probability, no section of the United States holds so many attractions for the criminal as southern California, and Los Angeles in particular. This is a beautiful country; we enjoy an unsurpassed year-round climate; people have come here from all over the world to live; this is not only one of the leading industrial and agricultural centers of the nation but has become the nation's playground. There is great wealth here; perhaps nowhere else on earth are living so many well-to-do retired citizens. I don't have to go into detail about Hollywood and its fabulously salaried workers, except to remind you that Hollywood is not a city but simply a district in the city of Los Angeles that overflows into the surrounding county.

**A**LTOGETHER, a happy hunting ground for the kidnaper, the racketeer, the confidence man, the extortionist, and every other sort of criminal.

Incidentally, the great bulk of our felonies have been committed by persons from other states. Some of the most bizarre murders in the nation's criminal history happen to have been committed here in Los Angeles. Some of them have had an Edgar Allan Poe quality about them—the Hickman case, for instance, or the Dyer case, both of which stunned the nation. Or a nightmare thing like the James case, the case of the barber who drowned his wife after ineffectually trying to kill her with rattlesnakes. And we have had our share of kidnapings, too.

Heaven knows I'm not boasting of these things! I'm neither proud of them nor do I view them as symptomatic of any essential degeneracy

in unsolved kidnaping in Los Angeles, that not a penny of ransom has ever been paid, and that my office has secured either the death penalty or life imprisonment for every kidnaper. They show that out of forty-one first-degree homicides in the past two years, thirty-nine have been solved and convictions obtained; that during the calendar year 1939 we obtained 143 convictions for rape and 369 convictions for robbery.

The records show—and here I come to the thing of which, perhaps, I'm proudest of all—that Los Angeles is by far the whitest spot in the nation, so far as gangsterism, racketeering, and organized crime are concerned.

And I'll stake my reputation, and the entire personnel of my office will stake theirs, on this statement: There is not a business house, industry, or private citizen in Los Angeles paying a nickel in tribute to a mob for so-called protection!

Please don't think I'm arrogating all the credit to my office. Far from it! To the office of the Sheriff of Los Angeles County, Eugene Biscailus, and to the Police Department of the city of Los Angeles, headed by Chief Arthur C. Hohmann, is due the credit for the brilliant, hard-hitting criminal investigation which has enabled us to hang up this record. The Lid Off Los Angeles to the contrary notwithstanding, I give it as my considered opinion that no two more efficient law-enforcement agencies exist in the country.

I'm proudest of our record against gangsters and racketeers. I could name potential racket after potential racket which we have scotched. Our policy has been to stop them before they could get started. And when they do try to start—and plenty of racketeers have thought they could get away with rackets in this Promised Land—our policy has ever been to hit them with arrests and prosecutions that will echo throughout the nation's underworld. I am very proud indeed to say that throughout that underworld we have the reputation, here in Los Angeles, of being tough where organized crime is concerned. The records speak for themselves.

**G**AMBLING and prostitution? Of course they exist in Los Angeles, as they exist in every large city in the country. There are two schools of thought about these evils. One school

menting the police as nation, might be able police agencies effectually wiping out all law? Summary court and Osgood? No, thank the United States of A

No; we can only do the enforcing of certain state penal codes. The thing to crack down on is organized crime. I can say, without fear of retaliation by any one who is to know, that gambling and prostitution are highly disreputable in Los Angeles. "Vice overlords" have arisen from time to time and never let them get to the "would-be" stage. I can instance after instance learning that a known "shot" or "gorilla" has our midst, we have it leave. Invariably the have accepted our invitation with alacrity!

**I**N my quotations from Off article you will find the reference to Thomas Dewey, a great prosecutor, who was Attorney of New York in accomplishing a Herculean task who deserves all the credit the nation is according. A man who is coping with city with never-ending problems just as we are coping here.

I am quite certain that Dewey understands what has been up against here and is trying to say in defense of my reputation of my city. In my office work in the field of harmony and liaison, recently told John Klein, detective, that whenever anything he wanted attended Los Angeles, our office would be up immediately and promptly because he knew we would be successful for him. I am happy to say that our requests for assistance have invariably been met with promptness and effectiveness. Mr. Dewey's great organization in New York. As a matter of fact, there is never a time in the year when some work on some local investigation is not referred to Mr. Dewey's office.

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Heaven knows I'm not boasting of these things! I'm neither proud of them nor do I view them as symptomatic of any essential degeneracy in our population. They were simply terrible crimes that occurred in our midst, as terrible crimes have occurred, and will continue to occur, in the midst of every American urban population.

*But—and this is a big "but," and I'm proud of it—the records show that our percentage of felony convictions in 1938-39 was 80.2—the highest percentage of felony convictions obtained by any major District Attorney's office in America.*

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Please don't think I'm arrogating all the credit to my office. Far from it! To the office of the Sheriff of Los Angeles County, Eugene Biscailus, and to the Police Department of the city of Los Angeles, headed by Chief Arthur C. Hohmann, is due the credit for the brilliant, hard-hitting criminal investigation which has enabled us to hang up this record. The Lid Off Los Angeles to the contrary notwithstanding, I give it as my considered opinion that no two more efficient law-enforcement agencies exist in the country.

I'm proudest of our record against gangsters and racketeers. I could name potential racket after potential racket which we have scotched. Our policy has been to stop them before they could get started. And when they do try to start—and plenty of racketeers have thought they could get away with rackets in this Promised Land—our policy has ever been to hit them with arrests and prosecutions that will echo throughout the nation's underworld. I am very proud indeed to say that throughout that underworld we have the reputation, here in Los Angeles, of being tough where organized crime is concerned. The records speak for themselves.

**G**AMBLING and prostitution? Of course they exist in Los Angeles, as they exist in every large city in the country. There are two schools of thought about these evils. One school would recognize them as ineradicable, human nature being what it is, and would have them quasi-legalized and kept under strict police supervision. The other would have them stamped out as the great destroyers of the moral fabric of a population.

There is no question but that their effects on the moral fabric of a population are deleterious. But what would you? How far did this nation get in enforcing the prohibition amendment? Perhaps the army, navy, and Marine Corps, supple-

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**N**in my quotations from the Off article you will find the reference to Thomas J. Dewey, a great prosecutor, who was Attorney of New York City, in accomplishing a Herculean task who deserves all the credit the nation is according. A man who is coping in a city with never-ending problems just as we are coping here.

I am quite certain that Dewey understands what has been up against here and is trying to say in defending the reputation of my city. His work in the city of harmony and liaison, recently told John Klein, his detectives, that whenever anything he wanted attended Los Angeles, our office was of immediate and prima facie because he knew we would consult for him. I am happy that our requests for assistance have invariably been met with responsiveness and effectiveness. Mr. Dewey's great organization in New York. As a matter of fact, there is never a time in when some work on some local investigation is not carried on for Mr. Dewey's office.

I am quite certain that you feel that "diligent, uncompromising prosecution is Los Angeles' need today. I am quite confident he understands what I mean to say that the only "fetter" he has to contend with is that of half-baked uninformed critics—the sort of criticism prompted me, in this article, to the defense of my city.

It doesn't hurt to take Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. If only you wait until it clears away to see what there!

THE END

*(continued from page 14)*  
years. Whatever the ob-  
jectives may say about political  
or a crying need for some  
Moses to lead us out of  
the "mess" of corruption, the  
chances that those charged  
are being prosecuted to  
the letter of the law.

What matters? What more  
honorable, fair-minded, dis-  
cerning ask?

Turn to the actual public  
opinion. Let's really take the "lid"  
off Los Angeles and see what's ac-  
tually going on besides the several  
unquestionable instances  
of corruption recounted  
by the papers in their articles.

Ability, no section of the  
country holds so many attractive  
and criminal as southern  
California and Los Angeles in par-  
ticular. It is a beautiful country;  
it has unsurpassed year-round  
weather. People have come here from  
all over the world to live; this is not  
just the leading industrial  
and cultural centers of the  
country. It has become the nation's  
third largest city. There is great wealth  
here, nowhere else on earth.  
Many well-to-do retired  
people don't have to go into detail  
about the food and its fabulously  
expensive prices, except to remind  
us that Hollywood is not a city but  
a district in the city of Los Angeles.  
Los Angeles overflows into the sur-  
rounding country.

ER, a happy hunting  
for the kidnaper, the  
confidence man, the ex-  
changed every other sort of

, the great bulk of our  
murders have been committed by per-  
sons known to us. Some of the  
murders in the nation's  
history have happened to have been  
committed here in Los Angeles.  
We have had an Edgar  
Gandy about them—the  
Murphy, for instance, or the  
Murphy, both of which stunned  
the nation. Or a nightmare thing  
like the case, the case of the  
man who strangled his wife after  
she tried to kill her with  
cyanide. And we have had our  
kidnapping cases, too.

I'm not boasting of  
our record. I'm neither proud of  
it nor do I view them as sym-  
pathetic.

an unsolved kidnapping in Los Angeles, that not a penny of ransom has ever been paid, and that my office has secured either the death penalty or life imprisonment for every kidnaper. They show that out of forty-one first-degree homicides in the past two years, thirty-nine have been solved and convictions obtained; that during the calendar year 1939 we obtained 143 convictions for rape and 369 convictions for robbery.

The records show—and here I come to the thing of which, perhaps, I'm proudest of all—that Los Angeles is by far the whitest spot in the nation, so far as gangsterism, racketeering, and organized crime are concerned.

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**G**AMBLING and prostitution? Of course they exist in Los Angeles, as they exist in every large city in the country. There are two schools of

thought concerning the police agencies of the nation, might be able to assist our police agencies effectually in partially wiping out all forms of vice. But what would we have? Military law? Summary courts? Gestapos and Osgpus? No, thank you! Not in the United States of America!

No; we can only do our best in the enforcing of certain sections of our penal codes. The thing that we have to crack down on is *organized vice*. I can say, without fear of contradiction by any one who is in a position to know, that gambling and prostitution are highly disorganized and spotty in Los Angeles. Would-be "vice overlords" have, of course, arisen from time to time, but we've never let them get beyond the "would-be" stage. I could tell you of instance after instance where, upon learning that a known Eastern "big shot" or "gorilla" had arrived in our midst, we have invited him to leave. Invariably these gentlemen have accepted our invitation with alacrity!

In my quotations from the final Lid Off article you will have noted the reference to Thomas E. Dewey—a great prosecutor, who as District Attorney of New York County is accomplishing a Herculean task, and who deserves all the credit and honor the nation is according him for it. A man who is coping in his great city with never-ending crime problems just as we are coping with them here.

I am quite certain that Thomas E. Dewey understands what we have been up against here and what I'm trying to say in defending thus the reputation of my city. His office and my office work in the closest kind of harmony and liaison. Mr. Dewey recently told John Klein, my chief of detectives, that whenever he had anything he wanted attended to in Los Angeles, our office was the point of immediate and primary contact, because he knew we would get results for him. I am happy to add that our requests for assistance have invariably been met with equal responsiveness and effectiveness by Mr. Dewey's great organization in New York. As a matter of fact, there is never a time in our office when some work on some sort of local investigation is not being carried on for Mr. Dewey's office.

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tion.

this is a big "but," and  
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